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THE Conductors of FORM beg to announce that they propose to publish from time to time finely printed editions of modern literature. The first of these volumes has already been completed. It is an edition of the eight poems by W. B. Yeats, which appear in the present number. The poems have been hand-written by Edward Pay, and are accompanied by a drawing by Austin O. Spare. Only two hundred copies are available for sale at the following prices: Dutch Hand-made Paper, 4/-; Italian Hand-made Paper, 3/-; Jap-Vellum, 2/6. The Sole Agents for this edition are The Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C. The next volume will be Twelve Poems by J. C. Squire, printed on hand-made paper, with decorations by Austin O. Spare, at 4/- each. Twenty-five copies bound in vellum, numbered, and autographed by the author and artist, are available at one guinea each. There will also be published shortly an edition-de-luxe of The Little Flowers of St. Francis, with numerous auto-woodcuts by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A. The price will be 10/6 and there will be a limited number of copies bound in vellum and autographed by the artist. All prices are net, and subscriptions are invited at 298 Kennington Park Road, S.E.

Separate issues of most of the prints in FORM may be obtained, printed on special paper and autographed by the artists. Prices on application.

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FORM

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL

CONTAINING

POETRY, SKETCHES, ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND CRITICAL INTEREST COMBINED WITH PRINTS, WOODCUTS, LITHOGRAPHS, CALLIGRAPHY, DECORATIONS AND INITIALS

EDITED BY

AUSTIN O. SPARE AND FRANCIS MARSDEN

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LANE.

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THE GROTESQUE ·· ·· *with drawings by* ·· ···· ··
AUSTIN O. SPARE & PHILLIP NEWTON

THE GROTESQUE

BY

EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

I was born and brought up in the old faith—the faith that built the cathedrals of Amiens, Notre Dame and Rheims, Durham, Winchester, Lincoln, Westminster and Canterbury. I was therefore outside controversy as to the eastward position, the use of incense, altar lights, dalmatics, and the many questions of ritual that so disturbed the Anglican peace of the period of my youth, and still find echoes here and there. I look back lovingly to the quiet Sundays and feast days when High Mass was celebrated in the Church attached to my old School of Mount St. Mary's.

The Grotesque

RITUAL there of course came naturally. The feast of Corpus Christi falls about Midsummer—the time of flowers, of bees, of sunshine. The singing procession of the Blessed Sacrament wound in and out among the parterres of the College garden. The lanterns and candles carried by the acolytes and altar boys made mockery of the sun and the incense from the clinking thurible outdid the flowers. Children strewed roses and every blossom the garden affords, to make exquisite the path of the Body of Christ.

IN summer mornings after the solemn moment of the Elevation of the Host, when the thurifer with his clinking chains and his attendant torchbearers with their flickering candles had departed, the high sun slanted sharply downwards through the great eastern window athwart the lingering clouds of incense making slow shifting lazy patterns of colour. The silence as it were stood listening. Into the drowsy stillness stole presently the lonely voice of the celebrant uplifted in the glorious and ever haunting chant of the Lord's Prayer. "Pater Noster, qui es in coelis . . ." O lovely prayer ; chanted in what worthy cadences!

THE idea of sacrifice—the brutal sacrifice of the body and blood was etherealized; symbolical only in gentle forms of bread and wine. The priest's voice hushes itself again: the Gregorian is silent. The atonement was made, and all was peace. "Et verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis; et vidimus gloriam ejus ; gloriam quasi unigeniti a Patre, plenum gratiæ et veritatis," and with "Deo Gratias" the Mass was over. The listening silence sealed up its ears and went to sleep again. A ruminant sleep full of dreams and meditations and scents and murmurings of bees and flowers.

BUT what, you will say, are you talking about? What has all this to do with the Grotesque? Listen and I will tell you. Such were the days of boyhood. But what of the nights? Days filled with peace and beauty —Nights of Fear and Horror and Hell. Was the atonement after all complete? Still doubts and horrors and fears of punishment for sins as yet undreamt of haunted the dark. The daylight might belong to God; but night could be, and sometimes was, the Devil's own.

ON our chapel and church there were no grotesques such as are found on mediæval edifices (the church was, I believe, designed by Hansom, of greater popular fame for his cabs than for his churches). But still in the manuals of devotion were many old monkish meditations on Mortal Sin, on Death, on Judgment and an eternity of Hell, lingering from the middle ages. For instance—"In hell every sense will be exquisitely tormented. The sight, by the presence of devils; the ears by shrieks and howlings, by curses and blasphemies: the smell, by insupportable stink and rottenness, the taste by raging hunger and thirst . . . the touch, by glowing fire that will search their inmost parts . . . The dreadful torments of hell would be in some sort tolerable if they were at last to end; but no, God's hatred must for ever pursue the wretched sinner; after millions of years the fire of hell will be as active and raging as ever, the body and soul as much disposed to suffer, and the damned as distant from God as at the first moment of their imprisonment. (Catholic Manual, p. 30, 31.)

WITH such a fate awaiting the soul of a little boy who should die with one mortal sin upon his soul, do I exaggerate when I say that night and darkness which hold in themselves sufficient horrors for any nervous and imaginative child may in truth become the Devil's Own?

WELL then; Why then; What then? What Walpurgis Nights of Nightmares; of the Seven Deadly Sins, and of the Devil and all his angels —Devils and fiends incarnate; and, worst of all, formless, colourless, undefinable horrors and fears.

ON the dark backward and abysm of Time, before man had discovered and come to a knowledge of the One True God, the Devil was known and feared: for he had made his presence felt. It is here I think that we get the very roots and origin of the undeniable grotesque. The study of the Grotesque in Art is bound up with the study of Demonology, and so indirectly of Theology.

I do not know the work of Morto da Feltre—and I pass over the derivation of grotesque from the style of decoration of the grottos of his time. It is as though we were to describe Rackham's own dainty fancies as "cellaresque" from the style of decoration of the German beer cellars; and it is even possible that the goblins that one generally finds painted on the friezes of these haunts bear some far away kinship with our subject, even historically.

"GROTESQUE" has come to mean for me, and I believe for most people—not only a style in which Morto da Feltre worked, or a style pertaining to the decoration of grottos—but covers a whole order and range of ideas, such as perhaps I may most readily define by a negative.

THE discussion as to what constitutes the idea of Beauty is endless, and I will not enter upon it—and the discussion as to what is "Grotesque" in the meaning which the word holds for me might be equally futile and inconclusive. If I say that for me the idea of the "Grotesque" is the opposite of the idea of "Beauty," I shall sum up most readily and with the most immediate utility what we are about to discuss. A normal person might sum up Beauty in Art as the expression of what we most admire and love, and the Grotesque as the expression of what we most

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hate and fear. Another similar way of putting it might be to state intrinsic Beauty as the Principle of Good made manifest; and the intrinsically Grotesque as conversely the principle of Evil displayed.

SHOULD this be accepted (and I only put it forward as my personal view, and in no sense definitive) it will be seen that while Beauty and the Grotesque occupy between them the entire gamut of expression, there is a sort of neutral country—the "included middle" between the two extremes —a debatable frontier, a "limbo" as it were, where caricature and prettiness meet. Caricature touches hands with the grotesque—and evil communications sometimes affect its good manners. Prettiness touches hands with caricature; being one might say, a reversed caricature of Beauty, an anæmic edition of it, by subtraction of character, whereas caricature works by addition and may, in opposition to anæmic prettiness, be appropriately called "sanguinary caricature." I speak as one grotesque. It might be called the feminine of caricature—which above all is masculine. Prettiness, carried to extremes, may also with caricature, partake of the grotesque, even in the sinister meaning which I give to the word. Here I am not labouring a paradox. It is only necessary to examine a few modern fashion plates to appreciate this truth. "To paint the lily, to rouge the rose" is the way of corruption. That they are the work for the most part of quite virtuous young ladies does not weaken me. We may have unconscious vice, very vicious, just as unconscious humour, is the funniest. The vice of the fashion plate is its vapidity.

ALSO in this limbo or borderland, lies the absurd—to me not necessarily grotesque, though often so called. While the absurd may also be grotesque, the grotesque in its essence is never absurd. The grotesque is cynical and cruel and may cause cynical, bitter or hysterical laughter: but full throated deep lunged laughter that brings aching sides and tears to the eyes, never. The Macabre—or I believe more accurately "Macabré" presumably from the name of the painter who first worked this vein, lies nearer to the indisputable grotesque, even if we do not include it entirely.

THE Grim with the Macabre I place balanced as on a razor-edge between the sublime and the ridiculous; a touch would send it over either way; its feat is to remain so balanced; so keeping us with our breath held, admiring its skill, while perhaps hoping for the added thrill of a fall to ruin.

WITHOUT being a Puritan, far from it, you will say, the merely pornographic I put aside, with all simply suggestive, nudging impurities and sniggering immoralities masquerading as high Art, as also the equally prurient opposition to the Nude.

I propose, since the subject is really enormous, to limit my paper fairly closely, by excluding the grotesque as an affair of human intellect and its creation, and to glance more particularly at the grotesque as we see it ready made to our hand by the Creator of us all. And this may, by going back, help us still further forward, and prove suggestive to invention, though I only touch the fringe of its skirts.

IN nature itself the borderland of the "funny" and absurd exists. The Creator has condemned certain of his beings to a lifelong absurdity, making of some of them mere

"figures of fun" even when he has not damned them to a lifetime of hatred and fear. Jove, Jupiter, Jahveh, Jehovah, call him what you will—must have been at his most Jovial when he created the Dodo; particularly when he stuck for still greater finish to the absurdity, the little fantastic bunch of feathers upon the comic rump. It is a sadder world for its extinction. Our forefathers were too stupid to accept the joke and killed it. The penguin with his pompous aldermanic shirtfront where one is almost disappointed to find no "Gold Albert" the strange dark billed echidna, the toucans and hornbills, the giraffe, the daddy-long-legs, even the waddling goose, are all masterpieces from the workshop of the absurd. The jests of the Creator though subtle are obvious—so obvious that even a Scot can see them, unless as sometimes happens, he is blinded by theology, and thinks to accuse the Gods of a sense of humour irreverent. Do you remember Rossetti's Limerick on Val Prinsep?—

> "There was a Creator called God
> Who created some things very odd—
> He made a man Val, and maintain it I shall
> He's a serious reflection on God."

Burns attributed the creation of Andrew Turner, whoever he may have been, to the Devil:—

> "In se'enteen hunder 'n forty nine
> The deil gat stuff to mak a swine
> And coost it in a corner;
> But wilily he changed his plan
> An' shaped it something like a man
> An' ca'd 'it Andrew Turner."

SO that Satan, on the good authority of Burns, was at work creating man so recently as to be well within a hundred years of living memory.

ONE might well agree that the Devils shared in the Creation when we consider some of the finished products of the grotesque; such for instance as some of the apes and baboons exhibit, for the Creator seems to have conceived and carried them to completion in loathing, hatred, and contempt of his own idea from

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beginning to end, loving only his own supreme craftsmanship. Yet Coleridge, who accounted himself a philosopher, wrote in the Ancient Mariner

> Farewell, Farewell! but this I tell
> To thee thou Wedding Guest
> He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
>
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small
> For the dear God who loveth us
> He made and loveth all.

CAN you love the hyena, the baboon and the dog faced apes? Or the crocodile? Or the hippopotamus? Or the louse? Could you pet a rhinoceros or kiss him—or a wart hog?

IT is hard to imagine the planning of the mandrill, except by a malignant fiend, unless we are to agree with Pythagoras as to the transmigration of souls: and if the Kingdom of God is within us, by a like reasoning, so also must be Hell, the Kingdom of the Powers of Darkness. If we are God's tabernacles, surely the mandrill is the mansion of Beelzebub, from every window of which seven devils peer out.

IT would be impossible to invent a grotesque more awful in its intensity than this being. Holman Hunt painted a famous picture of the scape goat: but I think a truer picture might be drawn from this poor beast, dowered apparently only with vice—Envy, Hatred, Malice and Lust—vice without satisfaction, nothing but satiety and discontent—a soul in fact in Hell. . . . "He has truly borne our sorrows."

AND yet, sculptured as he is all as it were in terms of ill, and coloured apparently with the same prurient fantasticality, with his ridged cerulean cheeks, malignant brows, overhanging his gimlet lecherous eyes, his obscenely iridiscent rump slothfully and disdainfully turned—make for the children at the Zoo, thank goodness, nothing but a "figure of fun"—But for us sinners, he is an accusation, and a hint of what evolution along certain lines is capable of.

SO go still lower in the scale of life—even leaving out the insectivorous plants, so seeming-cruel in their stealthy embraces seemingly against nature, we may find in form and colour among certain fungi, cactuses, creepers and orchids, at least in appearance, something grotesque, sinister and malign, as though possessed by devils and given over to the weird ritual of strange and rare vices. I do not deal here with poison plants, having an appearance of innocence, and yet most deadly—though an artist in literary grotesque might find these most fascinating of all. But who am I, that I should call fie fie on the Creator of the Paradise for producing a shocking vegetable! Let us return for a moment to think on roses—and lilies and anemones and daffodils at the Beautiful end of our scale: and for sweetness and innocence on buttercups, cowslips and daisies, celandines, violets, ladies-slippers, forget-me-nots, blue bells and primroses: then look at the cactuses and orchids which I place at the other extreme of the maliciously grotesque; and then—about the middle, for fun and absurdity—what do you say to the fat and jolly turnip; or a crisp cow-cabbage?

BUT all these are as toys and foibles to what Nature can do when she sets her heart and hand to the production of the grotesque in downright earnest. That is when she leaves the normal, and becomes deliberately malicious. Not nature "red in tooth and claw" only—such is the general law of life, even our own, where life lives on other lives, and "he should take who has the power, and he should keep who can," and where the fittest survives. But when Nature sets herself to ruin her own handiwork, she can and does play strange fantastic tricks with it, as when a child retouching the drawing of an angel by a master-hand, "improves" it with a moustache.

OF pain and sorrow and disease most of us by now know enough; of apparently grotesquely unjust affliction, and of that tangled skein of life the unravelling of which was sufficient to puzzle the wise Ecclesiastes. With a rehearsal of those forms of the grotesque with which we are all familiar and are becoming more familiar every day I will not wring your hearts. I will speak only of far off strange and rare things, real though they are. I pass by the hunch-backed, the aborted, the dwarf, the culs de jattes, the blind, the halt and the lame and the Cyranos of this world—all this sorrowful brotherhood—and come at once to the limits of my experience.

TAKE Elephantiasis for instance. Years ago—(and this was the most horribly grotesque thing I ever saw) a doctor friend of mine showed me photographs of what he called "an exceptionally good case." The main effect of the disease was this, that one side of the body was starved to a skeleton, while all nourishment went to the other. Half skeleton—and the "permanent enduring bone" alone retained its symmetry—half bloated, hair growing like tufts of grass on the fleshy, wenlike chunks of head, knobs of flesh hanging like pear shaped lumps of dough as from a hairy baker's arms—horrible—I am glad to say that I forget the face. Once I illustrated Carlyle's French Revolution—and the first idea I had was to use Elephantiasis as the central symbol of my scheme. I made sketches of Marat and Marie Antoinette, as it were as twins, suckled at the right and left breasts of a symbolical pre-Revolution France, suffering from starvation on one side, and gluttony on the other—but when I came to the point it was too horrible to carry out—even for me.

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THERE is still one step farther possible to be made in our study of the natural grotesque: there may be other steps to take, but what I am about to propound is as far as my own slight studies have taken me, which is yet further than my unaided imagination would have carried. And the subject is interesting in that it calls for discussion both by theologians and demonologists as well as containing possible suggestions for an artist in grotesque.

I will do my best simply to state the case as one of grotesquerie, physical and spiritual—for this, my last case, calls in the spiritual also, and the question of the soul of man. I will not argue it here.

IN chapter 48 of Sir J. Bland Sutton's book on Tumours, an account is given of what are known to surgeons as Teratomata. He says:—

"WHEN two embryos are conjoined, and one goes on to complete development, while only certain parts of its companion continue to grow, the result is a parasitic fœtus. The mature individual supporting it is called the autosite."

* * * *

"IN the well known case of Jean Battiste dos Santos of Portugal, well described in 1846 by W. Acton and 19 years later by Ernest Hart in London, and by Handyside in Edinburgh, there was not only an additional (imperforate) anus, but the man had two functional penes. It is also an interesting fact that malformed individuals of this kind, whether male or female, are capable of producing offspring, the most striking example being the Siamese twins, Chang and Eng Bunker. They married sisters: Chang had ten children, Eng twelve. One boy and one girl of Chang's were deaf and dumb, but there was no other blemish of any kind in the families of the twins."

I quote Bland Sutton again:—

"IT is a fact that the autosite has no power of initiating independent movements in the limbs of the parasite, nevertheless he can localize the prick of a pin on the parasite and feel uncomfortable when it is cold. Further, in the parasite represented (in Fig. 246), micturition used to occur independently and without the knowledge of the autosite until he felt urine trickling over him." This parasite was acardiac, or heartless, and is shown as a headless body, with arms and legs fully developed, attached to the thorax of the autosite, its arms thrown round his neck, as in helpless, hopeless embrace, while the autosite looks mildly bland. . . . . Poor Laloo, the Hindu!

THE eminent surgeon gives also details of a child with two faces—the only example he says so far as his own knowledge extends, of such a case in the human subject. Still, there it is. In this case the "consensual manner" of the two faces is insisted upon. Here the autosite is described as being "as comely a little thing as you would wish to see." Which are we to pity more?—It, or its pale "consensual" shadow?

I have heard of solemn old patristic discussions as to whether Adam, not having been born of woman, should or should not be represented with a navel. I do not propose to deal with the grotesquerie of so called logical conclusions. I am only giving examples—the strange places into which even holiness and theology may take you—you may consider them grotesque or not as you please. In a similar vein in chapter xx of the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy a quotation is made, which in spite of its strange setting is apparently authentic, of a learned deliberation by Messrs: les Docteurs de Sorbonne under date April 10th 1733, on the subject of prenatal baptism "par le moyen d'une petite canulle," Anglice a squirt. Subject to the approval of the bishop of the good surgeon who propounds the question, and final resort to the Pope, the Council of the Sorbonne approves the idea, "estimant que les enfans renfermées dans le sein de leurs meres, pourront etre capables de salut, parce qu'ils sont capable de damnation."

I remember putting the question to a soidisant theologian, as to the moment at which the soul enters the body: but received no satisfactory answer. Now, if the soul is held to exist already in the fœtus, and worthy of an effort to save, since it is held to be capable of being damned—as the good doctors say—have we here an example of one perfect body and soul, and one imperfect body with a partial soul? And is it possible to have a part only of a soul? Or is a soul an indivisible unit? And suppose that only one of them should be properly baptized? And so one be saved and the other damned. And by what spiritual surgery could these twin souls be disparted?

ON the subject of natural grotesque I pause here, as I think it difficult to go further—reaching, as my example does, even into the supernatural—without giving imagination play, as for instance by representing the acardiac afflicted also with elephantiasis, or otherwise complicating the simple case.

THOUGH perhaps we believe less in devilry and ensorcelment as the actual cause of the ills we are heir to, and call in as exorcist rather the doctor than the priest, we do not deny the existence of evil. For the sane

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artist, who sees life steadily and sees it whole, Beauty is not the only aim. There is I believe a possibility for a development of art by an education both of the artist and the public to an appreciation of a balanced presentment not only of the lovely, but of the evil, in contrast one with the other, each enhancing each.

THOUGH I had intended to speak more fully of the grotesque of savage races, among whom demonology develops earlier apparently than theology—or to whom a sense of the presence of malignant powers of darkness is greater than that of a benignant God I will make no more than mention. I suppose the oriental races and the mediæval cathedral builders have raised the grotesque to its highest point of expression—the Greeks being generally averse from it I believe—but in the many photographs one has seen of the masks of devil dancers, medicine men, etc., of savage tribes, and of savage idols and carvings, it seems to me that the impressions of horror are not only apt to be easier to express but that they come to the mind full fledged at an earlier stage in its development than do ideas of Beauty.

I have dwelt upon objective natural grotesque as a subject of study and attention for the artist, as things external to himself and not subject to his control. There remains one more point for me to touch upon, and I will shock you no more. I refer to the subjective grotesquerie of dreams over which again, we have only partial control, if any, and that only in certain cases.

THE artist might well explore the cities and caverns of dreams, not only for Beauty, but for its opposite, though they are, for artistic purposes, as elusive almost as the rainbow, or a woman's smile. I pass over here the dreams of delirium and the imaginations of those who have pursued Diana to their undoing.

* * * *

WE all have dreams—dreams of loveliness—dreams of achievement—dreams of horror. In artistic expression however, the quality of dreams has been seldom attempted—and I would like before I close, to mention, as it belongs to our subject, what, so far as I know, is the most successful dream picture ever accomplished. I refer to an engraving by Blake in his Book of Job series, to the lines: "With dreams upon my bed thou hast affrighted me, O Lord," which in its conception, design and execution has for me the very texture and quality of dreams.

OF the art of the insane Dr. Hyslop has given us many examples, and I need go no further in that direction. But of the attempt to express what we see in dreams I know but little. Things wear a different aspect.

* *

I once had a dream, or it may now have become a compound of dreams and of waking thoughts, that seems to me to hold in it almost all I can think of of evil and horror. There is a deep pool, as dreams will have it, and quite inconsequently, at Weybridge, a pool of dead and greasy waters, in which if one should dive, they would be too rotten to splash—like sleepy eyelids slowly disparting they would close again. I have a vision of a yellow frog-like man, yellow with unhealth and lack of light: the colour of grass that has lain under a plank, web fingered and web toed; his body spotted with green warts, and eyes like hard boiled eggs. He glides among the fat stalks of water plants waving slow and rank, in the dim oily recesses of the pool, the home of all things stagnant, filthy, muddy and obscene. Turgid

Edmund J. Sullivan

molluscs lie wallowing deep in the ooze, in hideous slow copulation; and with them heedless or heeding, lies all the lazy gallimaufry of a life almost too languid to procreate. There they lie—goggle-eyed amorphous lumps of viscous iridescent life—perhaps a slit mouth opening sideways, or a foot-long snout—jelly fish and mere transparent maws—transparent, brainless digestions and procreative glands—or tentacled squids, lump fish, and the evil slim fingered octopus—weird acolytes at the unholy and complex ritual of lust—dreaming only of lecheries they are too slothful to commit.

ON the encircling woods and forests that overhang this pool of dreams, flourish the huge cactus, the upas, and the blasted thunder stricken Tree of Knowledge—grown hollow and gnarled, with trailing vines of nightshade, and fœtid with all strange and noxious creeping and parasitic weeds. Rank undergrowths of poppy and mandragora—the screaming mandrake and all hideous and rotting fungi; spotted orchises and poison flowers stifle the swooning air and exhaust the lungs. These woods are peopled with flitting ghosts of unclean thoughts, and with the bodies of all unclean beasts and reptiles; and with lithe moving snakes, vampires, centipedes, scorpions and lice. Then troop in great mastodons and iguanodons, as huge as cathedrals, and little apes, and the little foxes that spoil the vines. They stand at gaze; and women appear—such women as one sees in fashion plates, mock innocent daughters of joy—all come to life, their hair dyed magenta with blood of victims; and their faces—a pretty innocent primrose, blushing with maiden emerald—leering with huge eyes askant and smiling with purple lips—these too appear—stand too at gaze—and then their eyes move, and they come forward—to kiss you with their button mouths. And witch-like procuresses, like dealers in bric-a-brac, whisper of hidden charms and offer old cracked goods as virgin purity for sale, like auctioneers. "But to you sir—for your beaux yeux alone—and a mere douceur perhaps."

THEN with gifts of wine like Circe's, and drowsy aromatic syrups, with poppied honey they lure you, lure you, lure you, deeper into the twilight dimness of the wood, where stands an altar—and you know that you yourself are the sacrifice prepared—and that the Gods they worship are more awful and obscene than they. And then half willing——

* *

OH—Thank God you wake, and the sun shines in Heaven. You welcome the Milkman going his rounds with chink and clink of pails and cans that ring in the ears as might the clank of the armour of the Archangel Michael himself come to succour; and "Milk O" has been as the battle cry of the innumerable heavenly host of seraphim.

* *

THE Rose of Beauty shall flourish from manure—shall transform the stench of ordure into its own fair scent. The louse may have flourished in the fair hair of Helen. God made Helen—he also made the louse.

YOU object—the statement is certainly what we have been talking about all the time—Grotesque. It is so largely a matter of order and presentation. The one who made the louse also made Helen of Troy who could confer immortality with a kiss—almost. And He who made Helen, made also Our Lady, "Sancta Maria, Mater Castissima Causa nostrae Lætitiæ, Rosa Mystica, Janua Coeli."

We are rooted in slime; yet out of the slime our brains are nourished, and reach the stars.

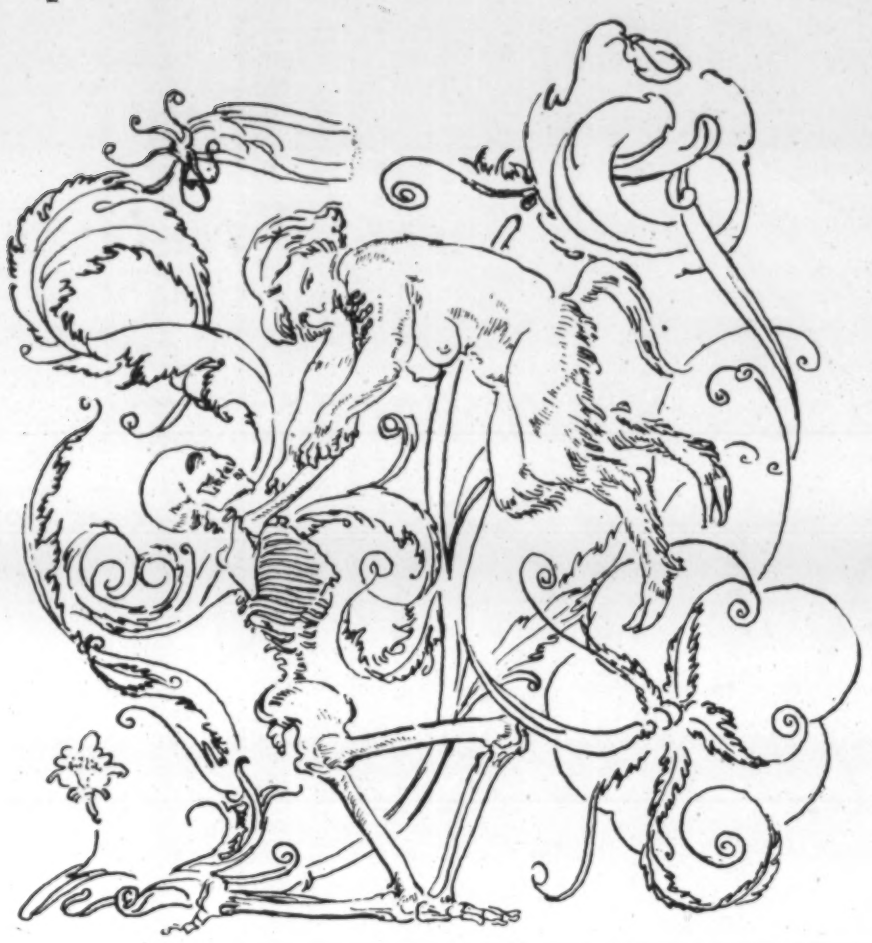
¶ *From the Note-Books of Edmund J. Sullivan*

HOLOCAUST

By Austin O. Spare

Imitation by Leonard Inkster

IT seems to me that the nature of Man is subject to a threefold need: that for a man's perfect satisfaction at any, every, moment, he needs to possess goodness, beauty, truth. These three are the Trinity in One. Of everything a man does or contemplates, he asks (unwittingly may be) three questions.



"Is it a fact or an illusion; are it and its parts in fitting order; will it be fruitful or is it sterile?" Truth and Beauty do not refer to Time but goodness refers to the future, the peculiar pleasure given by goodness being that in which we are hopeful for the future, the good action, thought, or word, being pregnant with benefits. These benefits may accrue to ourselves or others, but at any rate the desire to "do good" by our thoughts, knowledge, poems, paintings, actions, lives, has reference to the consequences of these things, and it is a natural desire.

THE difficulty is, unless we will be simple, to trace these consequences and to define the word 'A benefit.' We may cast an action into the pool of Time and watch in vain for the ceasing of the ripples on the margin of Infinity.

YET at least we can be sure of this, that a beneficial action must bear a relation to man's threefold need, must have brought the beneficiare nearer to beauty, truth, and pregnancy. That is to say it must have touched his consciousness, and so must have been the fruit of consciousness. The creation may have entailed much evil, (if you like), but without creativeness there could have been no good. Precisely less according to his degree of imitativeness does the imitator touch our consciousness. A medieval mystic said,

"ONE can spin, another can make shoes; and all these are gifts of the Holy Spirit. I tell you, if I were not a priest, I would esteem it a great gift that I was able to make shoes, and would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all." I am sure Tauler's shoes would have done us good. "The measure with which we shall be measured, is the faculty of love in the soul,—the will . . ."

DO the cold dispensers of charity, the hypocrites and pharisees in letters, the dull masters of mechanical war thrill us like Francis, Shakespeare, even Hannibal? Let us leave them and their death. For all have creations; all are creative; we all can develop a genius because we all are souls. And to do it we need that perfect receptivity which casteth out fear and pride, till at last our souls have power.

THE liberation of creative energy is to be believed in, then, because though the pursuit of Truth and the contemplation of Beauty are sufficient for two parts of our nature, we look also to the future, and live as men, in relation to men whose hearts we wish to move.

THE IDEALISTS LIMITED

BY HAROLD MASSINGHAM

N the twenty-fifth year of the twentieth century, the evolution of conditions in England had been considerably speeded up. The European war had been largely responsible for this desirable change of method. That cosmic epilepsy had, it is true, been of such benefit to the financial proprietors of the nation, that it might have tended to perpetuate rather than modify an obsolete system of governance. These shepherds of the national flocks had by it wielded the sceptre-crook of their office to some purpose. They had not only supplied the nation with the commodities necessary to life and the pursuance of the war, but with the raw material of money. And, in return for these considerations, the nation had very justly determined that it would make a more than adequate financial return for these commodities, were it to strip its skin for its benefactors and were the measure of the return one hundred fold in excess of the value of the commodities. For the money, it would supply them with a yearly income, in generous proportion to the amount of the loans, until their sum total, over and above the income, had been paid back in full. The material present of the national Guardians (in the neo-Platonic sense) was thus assured. And the timely imposition of compulsion had now only disposed of the predatory bands of wolves that prowled without the fold and threatened its security, but had doubly barricaded and interlaced with barbed-wire, the defensive works of the pens. But if there were compensations, there were also certain disadvantages. The Guardians' methods of self-maintenance had been a little obvious. Lawless opposition to them had been driven underground, rather than uprooted. The agency of force having been encouraged by the war, a soporific rather than a stimulant was needed for the public health. Security of tenure for the ample exercise of their services to the commonwealth was the first essential. The old policy had exhausted its possibilities; for new wine, a new bottle.

IT was the ascendancy of the Revivalist Monk, the founder of the Carmelite monastery, who had set a different orientation to the Guardians' vision. This great evangelist had effected the revolution of business. In a word, he substituted its romance for its realism. A Savonarola of the thronged highway rather than of the cell, he taught his fellow-Guardians that the devotion of the people were better cajoled than driven to their profitable charge. A well-regulated community, he argued, might be likened to a hive of bees. Could they conceive a hive without bees or bees without a hive? It was axiomatic that they were the hive, the repository of the honey of the bees, and the nation the bees. The problem of national prosperity, therefore, consisted at once in the amount of honey collected for the hive and the speed by which it was conveyed thereto. Goad the bees to the hive and they will faint with their burdens by the wayside; draw them to it by an allurement as potent as the lamp to

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the moth and in the suggestion of the judicious paradise we shall bait for them, they will forget their toils. The age of materialism is dead. The banner of the ideal unfurls its pennons to the future. Persuasion sets its foot upon the neck of force; love blossoms from the dunghill of hate; the rod of oppression bursts into flower; the moss of illusion creeps over the brutal stone of the actual, and brotherhood, triumphant over the sea-beast of discord, leads its people, its Andromeda, in the stronger chain of silk and rosebuds.

AND the Guardians prospered exceedingly. They put an iron girdle about the land and wrapped it in tissue paper. The tissue paper crackled, the girdle contracted and all within its circle were swept into their allegiance — not only the trades but the professions, not only facts but ideas, not only men but the minds of men, not only men's five senses but his sixth, not only the devil but God, not only life but death.

FOR in the year 1925, the commission of psychical experts, under the auspices of the National Telepathic Company, issued their report. Not only was the problem of communication with the dead solved by means of wireless installations, but the dead themselves, overwhelmed by the accounts of so harmonious and ordered a community, were importuning the company for a temporary relief from their extra-mundane immortality. Nor were any distinctions of classes observed in these supplications. Petitions for a new sojourn upon the earth had been notified alike from the rich and the poor, the good and the wicked. The rich and the good, of course, were anxious to recover the status of an enhanced legislative responsibility; the poor and the wicked (whose penalties on the representations of the Guardians to the infernal authorities had been lately reimposed on their earthly scale) desired a commutation of their sentences and following a period of concentrated self-denial and laboriousness, a reward in the shape of those brilliant enjoyments established under the new dispensation. The rest was merely a matter of arrangement between the terrestial and subterranean Guardians. The latter pledged themselves to grant leave of absence to those of their subjects who were required, on condition that they themselves should subsequently taste the blessings of financial governance enjoyed by the earthly Guardians. A far graver difficulty than the means of transit from the one region to the other was the choice of passengers. Who should be the first visitor? What qualifications would be desirable and what denizen of the underworld would satisfy these qualifications? All were agreed that he must be a recommendation to the people of the Perfect State in which they were privileged to live. He must, therefore, be in the first place subordinate to the will of the Guardians, in the second place a symbol of the idealistic revolution and thirdly a magnet for the attraction of the people—in a word, a good advertising agent and a good watch dog for the sheep. He must, that is to say, be a man either of loftiness of sentiment and simplicity or a man of definable ambitions and so within the scope of gratification — and of a certain subtlety, a certain wiliness of temperament. Unfortunately, the Guardians were so preoccupied with the administration of their national estate, that they were not aware of the names, psychology or circumstances of any of the dead, much less of a candidate suitable to their purpose. The task therefore devolved upon their historian

RUMOURS

By Frederick Carter

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employees and the most conflicting opinions raged about their deliberations. One party suggested Dr. Pangloss, as one whose optimism might affect others as credulous as himself with a faith superior to the deceptions of optical evidence. But he was vetoed on the ground that so fluid an optimism was not easy to circumscribe. One of the very few malcontents that were left might gain his ear and so extend his faith to the ruled as well as the rulers. Iago and Machiavelli were rejected, on one count because they were too inclined to theory for their work and on another, because their practices and their times were perhaps too scrupulous for industrial exigencies. The methods of the Duke of Alva on the other hand were a little too direct. He was more soldier than courtier. The imagination of Titus Oates, again, was too finikin, while Touchstone's simplicity was more prosaic than romantic. Nero had too much of an eye for the colour and artistry of his actions, rather than for their Business Results. Pope Alexander VI. or Messalina might be trusted to organise the captivating pomps of industry, but not to consider the essential cheapness of the cost. But it was Professor Callisthenes who finally settled the discussions. His eyes possessed with the frenzy of inspiration, he leapt to his feet, thumped the council-table with his fist and in a shrill voice, exclaimed "Don Quixote!"

DON Quixote set his plump new horse to a trot as he climbed Fleet Street from the foot of Ludgate Hill. On his head he wore a helmet wrought into the semblance of an ointment box. Round his neck, as far as his waist, with openings for the arms, was fitted a sardine tin, to serve him for body-armour, on the back and front of which were painted allegorical devices, representing a miraculous draught of fishes. His arms were thrust into heavily gilt and cylindrical pill-boxes; while the ten fingers of his whitened gauntlets were perforated in such a way as to resemble incandescent gas mantles. His lance was sprayed out into the likeness of a fish's tail at the base and carved into the likeness of a fish's mouth at the tip and was so rounded at the middle, that he was at some ado to grasp it. By a mechanical contrivance automatically manœuvred within the lance, drops of oil spurted from time to time from the gaping mouth. His shield had the appearance of a gigantic ledger and the sword that hung by his side was made in the image of a fountain pen. The greaves about his legs were fashioned in the shape of a whisky bottle, broad at the knee and calf and narrow at the ankle. His horse was richly caparisoned with a cloth of gold, hung at its edges with many-coloured tassels. To the tassels were suspended all manner of domestic utensils, remedies for dyspepsia, preparations for the hair and skin, perfumes, sweetmeats, ribbons, shoe-buckles, hose, paper-flowers, tonics, sauce bottles and false teeth. But to Don Quixote it seemed that he rode in the enchanted cave of Montresinas. The street was of porphyry; the newspaper-offices the palaces of benevolent wizards and the acclamations of the multitudes that pressed about him a hymn of thanksgiving for deliverance. He was their paladin, their crusader—the sword of chivalry strapped at his side, clad in the armour of righteousness and bearing the cornucopia of all men's needs, the abundance of happiness, good-will and all delights. And as he passed by the law-courts, the residence of Amadis of Gaul, he saluted them, so that his arms and accoutrements rattled and clanged resoundingly. And, casting his eyes upwards, he beheld the statue of an august queen, who formerly ruled over the land. To whom, raising his hand aloft, he cried out in a loud voice—"O peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, these arms, the tokens of many a hard-fought field, the ransom of the people of this land, I lay at thy feet."

BUT it happened that as he alighted from his horse, he perceived coming towards him, harnessed to a massive cart, pyramided with coal, his Rosinante, his Rosinante of whom he had been deprived as hardly befitting his high estate, his Rosinante, withers strained, nostrils snorting, feet stumbling, eyes distended with terror and the carter's whip curling about his loins. And, at that moment, the porphyry of the street crumbled into dust; the palaces grimaced their evil sorceries at him; the law-courts stretched their giant's maw; the exultance of the mob was as the howling of starved beasts and Dulcinea, to whom all kingdoms were gawds, was struck into grotesque and impenetrable bronze. He dashed his armour into the dust of the street and grasping only his lance, that still dripped with oil from its fish's mouth, he unhitched Rosinante from the traces, leapt on to his back and, throwing the carter to the ground, set off down the street with what speed he might. He looked neither to the left nor to the right, but coming upon that House of Self-Rimmon, the Chamber of Commerce where the Guardians transacted their affairs, he charged blindly against it, shivering his lance against the marble porticoes.

A day or two later and now recovered of his wounds, his captors, who were at some ado to save him from the violence of the mob, led him bound through the streets. They led him to the crest of Hampstead Heath and, unfastening his fetters, bade him to begone. And Don Quixote turned his eyes to where the city steamed below him. "I have conquered, for in every one of you I leave a portion of my spirit" he said, and passed with Rosinante into the underworld.

BOPICUA

BY

R.B.CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

THE great corral at Bopicua was full of horses. Greys, browns, bays, blacks, duns, chestnuts, roans (both blue and red), skewbalds and piebalds, with claybanks, calicos, buckskins and a hundred shades and markings, unknown in Europe, but each with its proper name in Uruguay and Argentina, jostled each other, forming a kaleidoscopic mass.

A thick dust rose from the corral and hung above their heads. Sometimes the horses stood all huddled up, gazing with wide distended eyes and nostrils towards a group of men that lounged about the gate. At other times that panic fear that seizes upon horses when they are crushed together in large quantities, set them a galloping. Through the dust-cloud their footfalls sounded muffled, and they themselves appeared like phantoms in a mist. When they had circled round a little, they stopped and those outside the throng, craning their heads down nearly to the ground, snorted, and then ran back, arching their necks and carrying their tails like flags. Outside the great corral was set Parodis' camp, below some China trees, and formed of corrugated iron and hides, set on short uprights, so that the hides and iron almost came down upon the ground, in gipsy fashion. Upon the branches of the trees were hung saddles, bridles, halters, hobbles, lazos and boleadoras, and underneath were spread out

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saddle cloths to dry. Pieces of meat swung from the gables of the hut, and under the low eaves was placed a "catre," the canvas scissor-bedstead of Spain and of her colonies in the New World. Upon the catre was a heap of ponchos, airing in the sun, their bright and startling colours looking almost dingy in the fierce light of a March afternoon in Uruguay. Close to the camp stood several bullock carts, their poles supported on a crutch, and their reed-covered tilts, giving them an air of huts on wheels. Men sat about on bullocks' skulls, around a smouldering fire, waiting whilst the maté circulated round from man to man, after the fashion of a loving-cup.

PARODI the stiff-jointed son of Italian parents, a gaucho as to clothes and speech, but still half European in his lack of comprehension of the ways of a wild horse. Arena the Capataz from Entre Rios, thin, slight and nervous, a man who had, as he said, in his youth known how to read and even to guide the pen; but who "things of this world had now turned quite unlettered, and made him more familiar with the lazo and the spurs." The mulato Pablo Suarez, active and catlike, a great race rider and horse tamer, short and deep-chested, with eyes like those of a black leopard, and toes prehensile as a monkey's that clutched the stirrups when a wild colt began to buck so that they could not touch its flanks. They and Miguel Paralelo, tall, dark and handsome, the owner of some property, but drawn by the excitement of a cowboy's life to work for wages, so that he could enjoy the risk of venturing his neck each day on a baguâl, with other peons as El Correntino and Venancio Baez sat around the fire. With them was Manuel el Madrileño, a Spanish horse coper, who had experienced the charm of Gaucho life, together with Silvestre Ayres, a Brazilian, slight, olive-coloured, well-educated; but better known as a dead pistol shot, than as man of books. They waited for their turn at maté, or ate great chunks of meat from a roast cooked upon a spit over a fire of bones.

MOST of the men were tall and sinewy, with that air of taciturnity and self-equilibrium that their isolated lives and Indian blood so often stamp upon the faces of those centaurs of the plains. The camp set on a little hill dominated the country for miles on every side. Just underneath it, horses and more horses grazed. Towards the west, it stretched out to the woods that fringe the Uruguay which, with its countless islands, flowed between great tracks of forest and formed the frontier with the Argentine.

BETWEEN the camp and the corrals smouldered a fire of bones and ñandubay, and by it leaning up against a rail, were set the branding irons that had turned the horses in the corral into the property of the British Government. All round the herd enclosed, ran horses neighing, seeking their companions, who were to graze no more at Bopicua, but be sent off by train and ship to the battlefields of Europe, to die and suffer, for they knew not what, leaving their pastures and their innocent comradeship with one another, till the judgment day. Then I am sure, for God must have some human feeling after all, things will be explained to them, light come into their semi-darkness, and they will feed in prairies where the grass fades not, and springs are never dry, freed from the saddle, and with no cruel spur to urge them on, they know not where or why.

FOR weeks we had been choosing out the doomed five hundred. Riding, inspecting, and examining from dawn till evening, till it appeared that not a single equine imperfection could have escaped our eyes. The gauchos who think that they alone know anything about a horse, were all struck dumb with sheer amazement. It seemed to them astonishing to take such pains to select horses that for the most part would be killed in a few months. "These men," they said, "certainly all are doctors at the job. They know the least defect, can tell what a horse thinks about and why. Still none of them can ride a horse, if he but shakes his ears. In their bag, surely there is a cat shut up of some kind or another. If not,

by R. B. Cunninghame Graham

why do they bother so much in the matter, when all that is required is something that can carry one into the thickest of the fight?"

THE sun began to slant a little and we had still three leagues to drive the horses to the pasture where they had to pass the night for the last time in freedom, before they were entrained. Our horses stood outside of the corral, tied to the posts, some saddled with the "recado," its heads adorned with silver, some with the English saddle, that out of England has such a strange unserviceable look, much like a saucepan on a horse's back. Just as we were about to mount, a man appeared driving a point of horses, which he said "to leave would be a crime against the sacrament." "These are all pingos," he exclaimed, "fit for the saddle of the Lord on High, all of them are bitted in the Brazilian style; can turn upon a spread out saddle cloth, and all of them can gallop round a bullock's head upon the ground, so that the rider can keep his hand upon it all the time." The speaker by his accent was a Brazilian. His face was olive coloured, his hair had the suspicion of a kink. His horse, a cream-colour, with black tail and mane, was evidently only half tamed and snorted loudly as it bounded here and there, making its silver harness jingle, and the rider's poncho flutter in the air. Although time pressed, the man's address was so persuasive, his appearance so much in character, with his great silver spurs just hanging from his heel, his jacket turned up underneath his elbow by the handle of his knife, and to speak truth the horses looked so good and in such high condition that we determined to examine them and told their owner to drive them into a corral.

ONCE again we commenced the work that we had done so many times, of mounting and examining. Once more we fought trying to explain the mysteries of red tape to unsophisticated minds, and once again our "domadores" sprang lightly, barebacked, upon the horses they had never seen before, with varying results. Some of the Brazilian's horses bucked like antelopes. El Correntino and the others of our men, sitting them barebacked as easily as an ordinary man, rides over a small fence. To all our queries why they did not saddle up, we got one answer: "To ride with the recado is but a pastime only fit for boys." So they went on, pulling the horses up in three short bounds, nostrils aflame and tails and manes tossed wildly in the air, only a yard or two from the corral. Then slipping off, gave their opinion, that the particular "bayo," "zaino" or "gateao," was just the thing to mount a lancer on, and that the speaker thought he could account for a good tale of Boches if he were over there in the Great War. This same great war, which they called "barbarous," taking a secret pleasure in the fact that it showed Europeans not a whit more civilised than they themselves, appeared to them something in the way of a great pastime from which they were debarred.

MOST of them when they sold a horse looked at him and remarked "Pobrecito, you will go to the Great War," just as a man looks at his son who is about to go, with feelings of mixed admiration and regret.

AFTER we had examined all the Brazilian's "Tropilla" so carefully that he said, "By Satan's death, your graces know far more about my horses than I myself, and all I wonder is that you do not ask me if all of them have not complied with all the duties of the church," we found that about twenty of them were fit for the Great War. Calling upon Parodi, and the Capataz of Bopicua (who all the time had remained seated round the smouldering fire and drinking maté), to prepare the branding irons, the peons led them off, our head man calling out "Artilleria," or "Caballeria" according to their size. After the branding, on the hip for cavalry and on the neck for the artillery, a peon cut their manes off, making them as ugly as a mule, as their late owner said, and we were once more ready for the road, after the payment had been made. This took a little time, either because the Brazilian could not count or perhaps because of his great caution, for he would not take payment, except horse by horse.

Bopicua

So, driving out the horses one by one, we placed a roll of dollars in his hand as each one passed the gate. Even then each roll of dollars had to be counted separately; for time is what men have the most at their disposal in places such as Bopicua.

TWO hours of sunset still remained, with three long leagues to cover, for in those latitudes there is no twilight, night succeeding day just as films follow one another in a cinematograph. At last it all was over and we were free to mount. Such sort of drives are of the nature of a sport in South America, and so the Brazilian drove off the horses that we had rejected, half a mile away leaving them with a negro boy to herd, remarking that the rejected were as good or better than those that we had bought, and after cinching up his horse prepared to ride with us. Before we started, a young man rode up, dressed like an exaggerated gaucho, in loose black trousers, poncho and a "golilla" round his neck, a lazo hanging from the saddle, a pair of boleadoras peeping beneath his cojinillo, and a long silver knife stuck in his belt. It seemed he was the son of an estanciero who was studying law in Buenos Aires, but had returned for his vacation and, hearing of our drive, had come to ride with us and help us in our task. No one on such occasions is to be despised, so thanking him for his good intentions, to which he answered that he was a "partizan of the Allies, lover of liberty and truth and was well on in all his studies, especially in International Law," we mounted, the gauchos floating almost imperceptibly, without an effort, to their seats, the European with that air of escalading a ship's side that differentiates us from man less civilized.

DURING the operations with the Brazilian, the horses had been let out of the corral to feed and now were being held back "en pastoreo" as it is called in Uruguay, that is to say watched at a little distance by mounted men. Nothing remained but to drive out of the corral the horses bought from the Brazilian and let them join the larger herd. Out they came like a string of wild geese, neighing and looking round, and then instinctively made towards the others that were feeding, and were swallowed up amongst them. Slowly we rode towards the herd, sending on several well mounted men upon its flanks, and with precaution, for of all living animals tame horses most easily take fright upon the march, and separate with each one going his own way. Then we got on a well marked trail that led towards the gate of Bopicua, and started on our drive.

AT first they moved a little sullenly and as if surprised. Then the contagion of emotion that spreads so rapidly amongst animals upon the march seemed to inspire them and the whole herd broke into a light trot. That is the moment that a stampede may happen, and accordingly we pulled our horses to a walk, whilst the men riding on the flanks forged slowly to the front, ready for anything that might occur. Gradually the trot slowed down, and we saw as it were a sea of manes and tails in front of us, emerging from a cloud of dust, from which shrill neighings and loud snortings rose. They reached a hollow, in which were several pools, and stopped to drink, all crowding into the shallow water, where they stood pawing up the mud and drinking greedily. Time pressed; and as we knew there was water in the pasture where they were to sleep, we pressed them back upon the trail, the water dripping from their muzzles and their tails, and the black mud clinging to the hair upon their fetlocks, and in drops upon their backs. Again they broke into a trot, but this time as they had got into control we did not check them, for there was still a mile to reach the gate.

PASSING some smaller mudholes, the body of a horse lay near to one of them, horribly swollen and with its stiff legs hoisted a little in the air by the distension of its flanks. The passing horses edged away from it in terror, and a young roan snorted and darted like an arrow from the herd. Quick as was the dart he made, quicker still

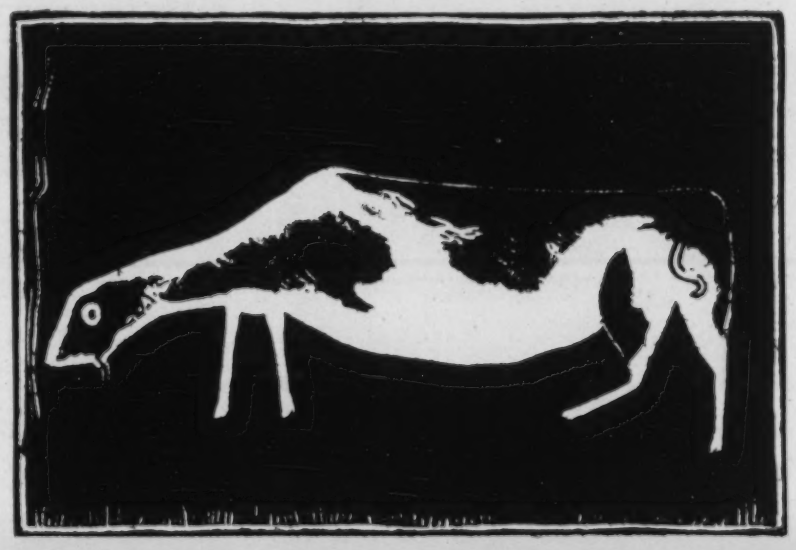
by R. B. Cunninghame Graham

El Correntino wheeled his horse on its hind legs and rushed to turn him back. With his whip whirling round his head he rode to head the truant who, with tail floating in the air, had got a start of him of about fifty yards. We pressed instinctively upon the horses; but not so closely as to frighten them, though still enough to be able to stop another of them from cutting out. The Correntino on a half tamed grey, which he rode with a raw-hide thong bound round its lower jaw, for it was still unbitted, swaying with every movement in his saddle which he hardly seemed to grip, so perfect was his balance, rode at a slight angle to the runaway and gained at every stride. His hat blew back and, kept in place by a black ribbon, underneath his chin, framed his head like an aureole. The red silk handkerchief tied loosely round his neck fluttered beneath it; and as he dashed along, his lazo coiled upon his horse's croup, rising and falling with each bound, his eyes fixed on the flying roan, he might have served a sculptor as the model for a centaur, so much did he and the wild colt he rode seem indivisible.

IN a few seconds, which to us seemed minutes, for we feared the infection might have spread to the whole "caballada," the Correntino headed and turned the roan, who came back at three-quarter speed, craning his neck out first to one side, then to the other, as if he still thought that a way lay open for escape.

BY this time we had reached the gates of Bopicua, and still seven miles lay between us and our camping ground, with a fast declining sun. As the horses passed the gate, we counted them, an operation of some difficulty when time presses and the count is large. Nothing is easier than to miss animals; that is to say for Europeans, however practised, but the lynx-eyed gauchos never are at fault. "Where is the little brown horse with a white face, and a bit broken out of his near fore-foot?" they will say; and ten to one that horse is missing, for what they do not know about the appearance of a horse would not fill many books. Only a drove road lay between Bopicua and the great pasture, at whose far away extremity the horses were to sleep. When the last animal had passed, and the great gates swung to, the young law student rode up to my side, and looking at the "great tropilla" as he called it, said "morituri te salutant. This is the last time they will feed in Bopicua." We turned a moment and the falling sun lit up the undulating plain, gilding the cottony tufts of the long grasses, falling upon the dark, green leaves of the low trees around Parodis camp, glinting across the belt of wood that fringed the Uruguay and striking full upon a white estancia house in Entre Rios, making it appear quite close at hand, although four leagues away.

TWO or three hundred yards from the great gateway stood a little native hut, as unsophisticated, but for a telephone, as were the Gauchos huts in Uruguay, as I remember them, full thirty years ago. A wooden barrel on a sledge for bringing water, had been left, close to the door, at which the occupant sat drinking mate, tapping with a long knife upon his boot. Under a straw-thatched shelter stood a saddled horse, and a small boy upon a pony slowly drove up a flock of sheep. A blue, fine smoke that rose from a few smouldering logs and bones, blended so completely with the air that one was not quite sure if it was really smoke, or the reflection of the distant Uruguay against the atmosphere.



NOT far off lay the bones of a dead horse with bits of hide adhering to them, shrivelled into mere parchment by the sun. All this I saw as in a camera lucida, seated a little sideways on my horse, and thinking sadly that I too had looked my last on Bopicua. It is not given to all men after a break of years to come back to the scenes of youth, and still find in them the same zest as of old. To return again to all the cares of life called civilised, with all its littlenesses, its newspapers all full of nothing, its sordid aims disguised under high-sounding nicknames, its hideous riches and its sordid poverty, its want of human sympathy, and above all its barbarous war brought on it by the folly of its rulers, was not just at that moment an alluring thought, as I felt

Bopicua

the little "malacara" that I rode twitching his bridle striving to be off. When I had touched him with the spur, he bounded forward and soon overtook the caballada, and the place which for so many months had been part of my life sank out of sight, just as an island in the tropics fades from view, as the ship leaves it, as it were, hull down.

WHEN we had passed into the great enclosure of La Pileta, and still four or five miles remained to go, we pressed the caballada into a long trot at times, certain that the danger of a stampede was past. Wonderful and sad it was to ride behind so many horses, trampling knee-high through the wild grasses of the Camp, snorting and biting at each other and all unconscious that they would never more career across the plains. Strange and affecting too to see how those who had known each other all kept together in the midst of the great herd, resenting all attempts of their companions to separate them.

A "tropilla" that we had bought from a Frenchman called Leon, composed of five brown horses, had ranged itself around its bell mare, a fine chestnut, like a body-guard. They fought off any of the other horses who came near her, and seemed to look at her, both with affection and with pride.

TWO little bright bay horses, with white legs and noses, that were brothers and what in Uruguay are known as "seguidores," that is one followed the other wherever it might go, ran on the outskirts of the herd. When either of them stopped to eat, its companion turned its head and neighed to it, when it came galloping up. Arena, our head man, riding beside me on a skewbald, looked at them and after dashing forward to turn a runaway, wheeled round his horse almost in the air, and stopped it in a bound, so suddenly that for an instant they stood poised like an equestrian statue, looked at the "Seguidores" and remarked, "Patron, I hope one shell will kill them both in the Great War if they have got to die!" I did not answer except to curse the Boches with all the intensity the Spanish tongue commands. The young law student added his testimony and we rode on in silence.

A passing sleeve of locusts almost obscured the declining sun. Some flew against our faces, reminding me of the fight Cortes had with the Indians not far from Vera Cruz, which Bernal Diaz says was obstructed for a moment by a flight of locusts, that came so thickly that many lost their lives by the neglect to raise their bucklers against what they thought were locusts, and in reality were arrows that the Indians shot. The effect was curious as the insects flew against the horses, some clinging to their manes, and others making them bob up and down their heads, just as a man does in a driving shower of hail. We reached a narrow causeway that formed the passage through a marsh. On it the horses crowded, making us hold our breath for fear that they would push each other off into the mud, which had no bottom upon either side. When we emerged and cantered up a little hill, a lake lay at the foot of it, and beyond it was a wood, close to a railway siding. The evening was now closing in, but there was still a good half hour of light. As often happens in South America, the wind dropped to a dead calm, and passing little clouds of locusts feeling the night approach dropped into the long grass just as a flying fish drops into the waves, with a harsh whirring of their gauzy wings.

THE horses smelt the water at the bottom of the hill, and the whole five hundred broke into a gallop, manes flying, tails raised high, and we feeling somehow the gallop was the last, raced madly by their side, until within a hundred yards or so of the great lake. They rushed into the water and all drank greedily, the setting sun falling upon their many coloured backs, and giving the whole herd the look of a vast tulip field. We kept away so as to let them drink their fill, and then leading our horses to the margin of the lake, dismounted, and taking out their bits, let them drink, with the air of one accomplishing a rite, no matter if they raised their heads a dozen times, and then began again.

SLOWLY Arena, El Correntino, Paralelo, Suarez and the rest drove out the herd to pasture in the deep, lush grass. The rest of us rode up some rising ground towards the wood. There we drew up and looking back towards the plain on which the horses seemed to have dwindled to the size of sheep, in the half light, some one, I think it was Arena, or perhaps Pablo Suarez, spoke their elegy, "Eat well," he said, "there is no grass like that of La Pileta, to where you go across the sea; the grass in Europe all must smell of blood."

AUTOMATIC DRAWING

BY AUSTIN O. SPARE AND FREDERICK CARTER

OUT OF THE FLESH OF OUR MOTHERS COME DREAMS AND MEMORIES OF THE GODS. Of other kind than the normal inducement of interest and increasing skill, there exists a continual pressure upon the artist of which he is sometimes partially conscious but rarely entirely aware. He learns early or late in his career that power of literal reproduction (such as that of the photographic apparatus) is not more than slightly useful to him. He is compelled to find out from his artist predecessors the existence, in representation of real form, of super-

Automatic Drawing

sessions of immediate accuracies; he discovers within himself a selective conscience and he is satisfied, normally, in large measure by the extensive field afforded by this broadened and simplified consciousness.

YET beyond this is a region and that a much greater one, for exploration. The objective understanding, as we see, has to be attacked by the artist and a subconscious method, for correction of conscious visual accuracy, must be used. No amount of manual skill and consciousness of error will produce good drawing. A recent book on drawing by a well-known painter is a case in point; there the examples of masters of draughtsmanship may be compared with the painter-author's own, side by side, and the futility of mere skill and interest examined. Therefore to proceed further, it is necessary to dispose of the "subject" in art also (that is to say the subject in the illustrative or complex sense). Thus to clear the mind of inessentials permits through a clear and transparent medium, without prepossessions of any kind, the most definite and simple forms and ideas to attain expression.

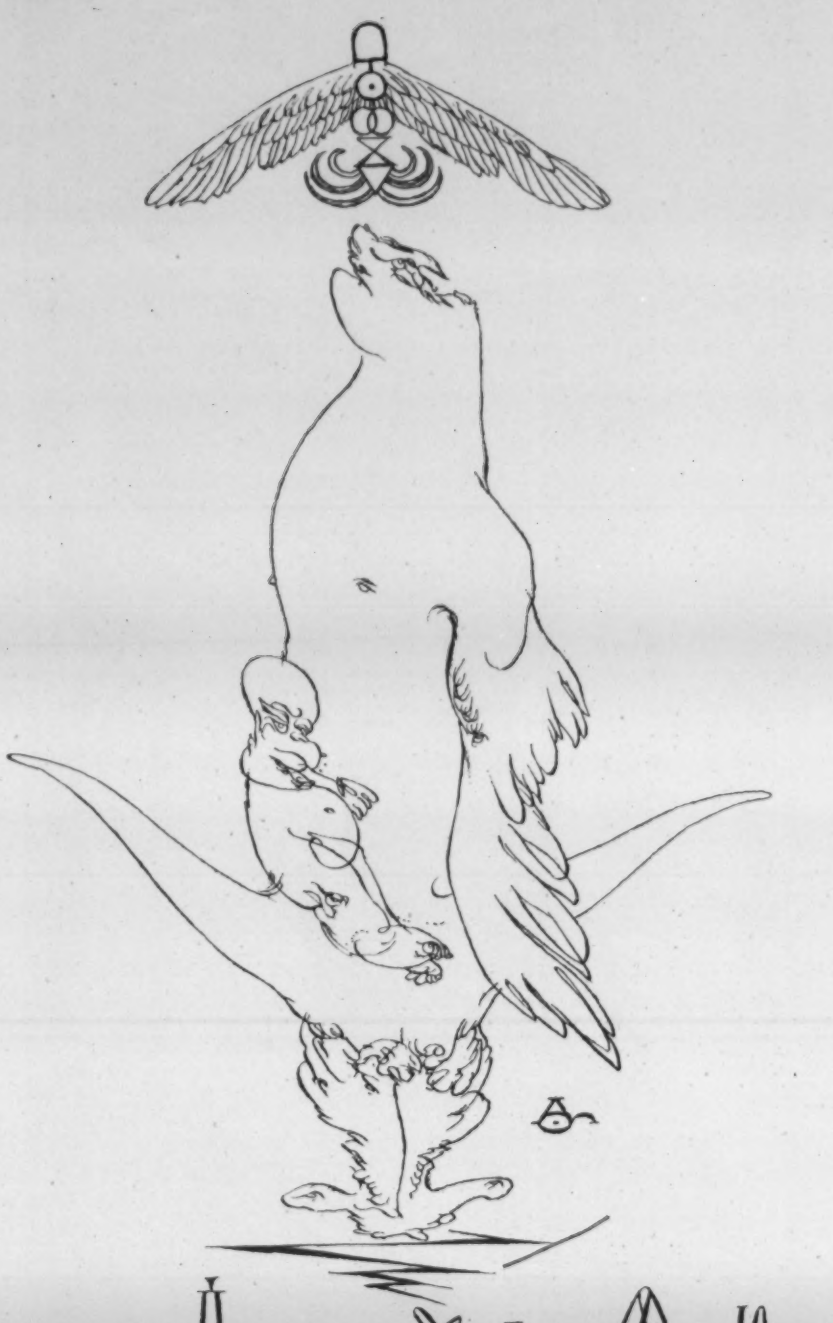
Notes on Automatic Drawing.

AN "automatic" scribble of twisting and interlacing lines permits the germ of idea in the subconscious mind to express, or at least suggest itself to the consciousness. From this mass of procreative shapes, full of fallacy, a feeble embryo of idea may be selected and trained by the artist to full growth and power. By these means, may the profoundest depths of memory be drawn upon and the springs of instinct tapped.

YET let it not be thought that a person not an artist may by these means become one: but those artists who are hampered in expression, who feel limited by the hard conventions of the day and wish for freedom, who strive for self expression but have not attained to it, these may find in it a power and a liberty elsewhere undiscoverable. Thus writes Leonardo da Vinci:—"Among other things, I shall not scruple to discover a new method of assisting the invention; which though trifling in appearance, may yet be of considerable service in opening the mind and putting it upon the scent of new thoughts, and it is this: if you look at some old wall covered with dirt, or the odd appearance of some streaked stones, you may discover several things like landskips, battles, clouds, uncommon attitude, draperies, etc. Out of this confused mass of objects the mind will be fur-

nished with abundance of designs and subjects, perfectly new."

From another, a mystical writer "Renounce thine own will that the law of God may be within thee."



THE curious expression of character given by handwriting is due to the automatic or unconscious nature that it acquires by habit. So Automatic drawing, one of the simplest of psychic phenomena, is a means of characteristic expression and, if used with courage and honesty, of recording subconscious activities in the mind. The mental mechanisms used are those common in dreams, which create quick perception of relations in the unexpected, as wit, and psycho-neurotic symptoms. Hence it appears that single or non-consciousness is an essential condition and as in all inspiration the product of involution not invention.

AUTOMATISM being the manifestation of latent desires (or wishes) the significance of the forms (the ideas) obtained represent the previously unrecorded obsessions.

ART becomes, by this illuminism or ecstatic power, a functional activity expressing in a symbolical language the *desire towards joy* unmodified—*the sense of the Mother of all things*—not of experience.

THIS means of vital expression releases the fundamental static truths which are repressed by education and customary habit and lie dormant in the mind. It is the means of becoming courageously individual; it implies spontaneity and disperses the cause of unrest and *ennui*.

THE dangers of this form of expression come from prejudice and personal bias of such nature as fixed intellectual conviction or personal religion (intolerance). These

Automatic Drawing

produce ideas of threat, displeasure or fear, and become obsessions.

IN the ecstatic condition of revelation from the subconscious, the mind elevates the sexual or inherited powers (this has no reference to moral theory or practise) and depresses the intellectual qualities. So a new atavistic responsibility is attained by daring to believe—to possess one's own beliefs—without attempting to rationalize spurious ideas from prejudiced and tainted intellectual sources.

AUTOMATIC drawings can be obtained by such methods as concentrating on a *Sigil*—by any means of exhausting mind and body pleasantly in order to obtain a condition of non-consciousness—by wishing in opposition to the real desire after acquiring an organic impulse towards drawing.

THE Hand must be trained to work freely and without control, by practise in making simple forms with a continuous involved line without afterthought, i.e. its intention should just escape consciousness.

DRAWINGS should be made by allowing the hand to run freely with the least posssible deliberation. In time shapes will be found to evolve, suggesting conceptions, forms and ultimately having personal or individual style.

THE Mind in a state of oblivion, without desire towards reflection or pursuit of materialistic intellectual suggestions, is in a condition to produce successful drawings of one's *personal* ideas, symbolic in meaning and wisdom.

By this means sensation may be visualized.

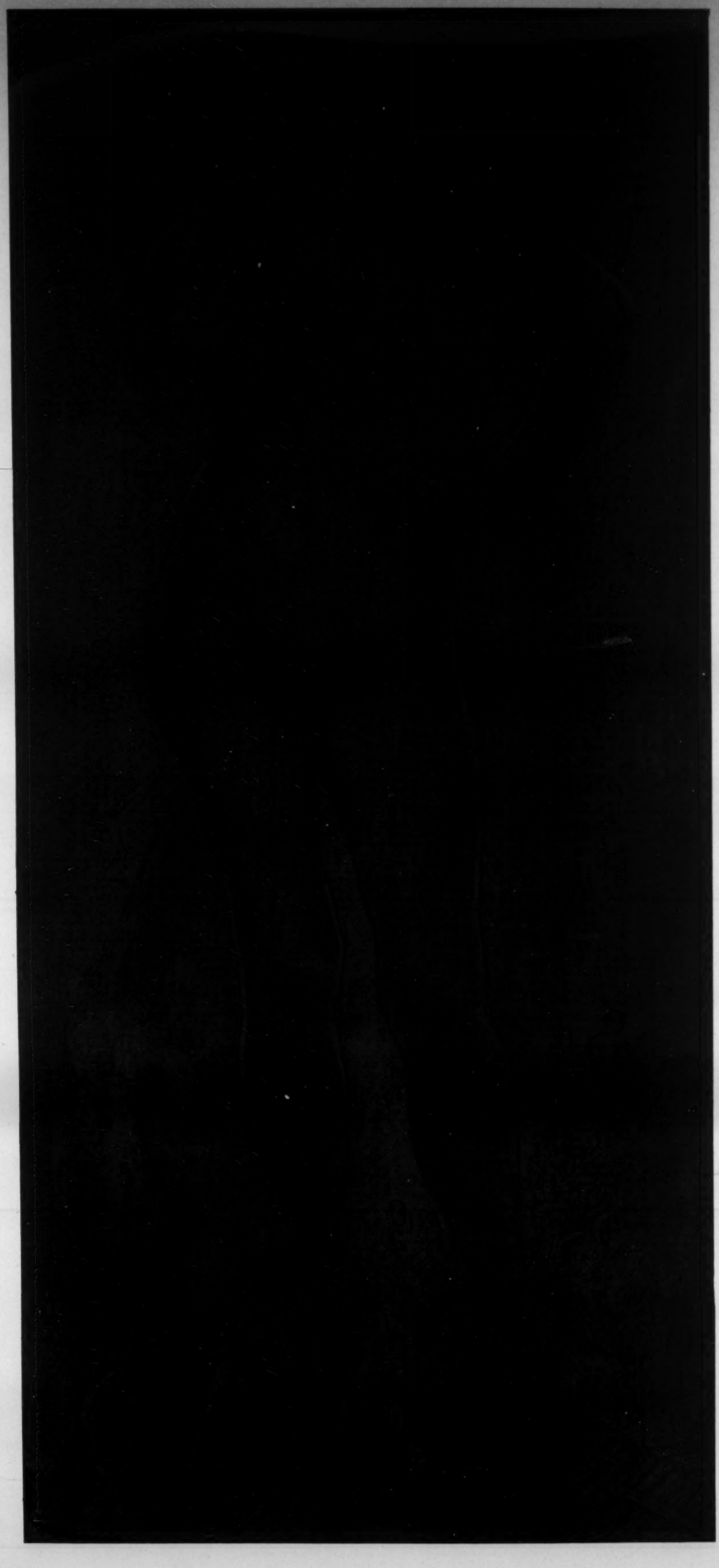
IMAGINATION

BY FREDERICK CARTER

BACCHAE

by

Austin O. Spare



LOB

A POEM BY EDWARD EASTAWAY

AT hawthorn-time in Wiltshire travelling
In search of something chance would never bring,
An old man's face, by life and weather cut
And coloured, —rough, brown, sweet as any nut,—
A land face, sea-blue-eyed,—hung in my mind
When I had left him many a mile behind.
All he said was : " Nobody can't stop 'ee. It's
A footpath, right enough. You see those bits
Of mounds—that's where they opened up the barrows
Sixty years since, while I was scaring sparrows.
They thought as there was something to find there,
But couldn't find it, by digging, anywhere."

TO turn back then and seek him where was the use ?
There were three Manningfords, Abbots, Bohun, and
And whether Alton, not Manningford, it was [Bruce;
My memory could not decide, because
There was both Alton Barnes and Alton Priors.
All had their churches, graveyards, farms, and byres,
Lurking to one side up the paths and lanes,
Seldom well seen except by aeroplanes;
And when bells rang, or pigs squealed, or cocks crowed,
Then only heard. Ages ago the road
Approached. The people stood and looked and turned,
Nor asked it to come nearer, nor yet learned
To move out there and dwell in all men's dust.
And yet withal they shot the weathercock, just
Because 'twas he crowed out of tune, they said:
So now the copper weathercock is dead.
If they had reaped their dandelions and sold
Them fairly, they could have afforded gold.

MANY years passed, and I went back again
Among those villages, and looked for men
Who might have known my ancient. He himself
Had long been dead or laid upon the shelf,
I thought. One man I asked about him roared
At my description: ' Tis old Bottlesford
He means, Bill.' But another said: ' Of course,
It was Jack Button up at the White Horse.
Hes' dead, sir, these three years.' This lasted till
A girl proposed Walker of Walker's Hill,
' Old Adam Walker. Adam's Point you'll see
Marked on the maps.'

' That was her roguery '
The next man said. He was a squire's son
Who loved wild bird and beast, and dog and gun
For killing them. He had loved them from his birth,
One with another, as he loved the earth.
' The man may be like Button, or Walker, or
Like Bottlesford, that you want, but far more
He sounds like one I saw when I was a child.
I could almost swear to him. The man was wild
And wandered. His home was where he was free.
Everybody has met one such man as he.
Does he keep clear old paths that no one uses
But once a lifetime when he loves or muses ?
He is English as this gate, these flowers, this mire.
And when at eight years old Lob-lie-by-the-fire
Came in my books, this was the man I saw.
He has been in England as long as dove and daw,
Calling the wild cherry tree the merry tree,
The rose campion Bridget-in-her-bravery;
And in a tender mood he, as I guess,
Christened one flower Love-in-idleness,
And while he walked from Exeter to Leeds
One April called all cuckoo-flowers Milkmaids.
From him old herbal Gerard learnt, as a boy,
To name wild clematis the Traveller's-joy.
Our blackbirds sang no English till his ear
Told him they called his Jan Toy " Pretty dear."
(She was Jan Toy the Lucky, who, having lost
A shilling, and found a penny loaf, rejoiced.)
For reasons of his own to him the wren
Is Jenny Pooter. Before all other men
'Twas he first called the Hog's Back the Hog's Back.
That Mother Dunch's Buttocks should not lack
Their name was his care. He too could explain
Totteridge and Totterdown and Juggler's Lane:
He knows, if anyone. Why Tumbling Bay,
Inland in Kent, is called so, he might say.

' BUT little he says compared with what he does.
If ever a sage troubles him he will buzz
Like a beehive to conclude the tedious fray:
And the sage, who knows all languages, runs away.
Yet Lob has thirteen hundred names for a fool,
And though he never could spare time for school
To unteach what the fox so well expressed,
On biting the cock's head off,—Quietness is best,—
He can talk quite as well as anyone
After his thinking is forgot and done.
He first of all told someone else's wife,
For a farthing she'd skin a flint and spoil a knife
Worth sixpence skinning it. She heard him speak:
" She had a face as long as a wet week "
Said he, telling the tale in after years.
With blue smock and with gold rings in his ears,
Sometimes he is a pedlar, not too poor
To keep his wit. This is tall Tom that bore
The logs in, and with Shakespeare in the hall
Once talked, when icicles hung by the wall.
As Herne the Hunter he has known hard times.
On sleepless nights he made up weather rhymes
Which others spoilt. And, Hob being then his name,
He kept the hog that thought the butcher came
To bring his breakfast: " You thought wrong " said Hob.
When there were kings in Kent this very Lob,
Whose sheep grew fat and he himself grew merry,
Wedded the king's daughter of Canterbury:
For he alone, unlike squire, lord, and king,
Watched a night by her without slumbering;
He kept both waking. When he was but a lad
He won a rich man's heiress, deaf, dumb, and sad,
By rousing her to laugh at him. He carried
His donkey on his back. So they were married.
And while he was a little cobbler's boy
He tricked the giant coming to destroy
Shrewsbury by flood. " And how far is it yet ? "
The giant asked in passing. " I forget;
But see these shoes I've worn out on the road
And we're not there yet." He emptied out his load
Of shoes. The giant sighed, and dropped from his spade

The earth for damming Severn, and thus made
The Wrekin Hill; and little Ercall Hill
Rose where the giant scraped his boots. While still
So young, our Jack was chief of Gotham's sages.
But long before he could have been wise, ages
Earlier than this, while he grew thick and strong
And ate his bacon, or, at times, sang a song
And merely smelt it, as Jack the giant-killer
He made a name. He, too, ground up the miller,
The Yorkshireman who ground men's bones for flour.

'DO you believe Jack dead before his hour?
Or that his name is Walker, or Bottlesford,
Or Button, a mere clown, or squire, or lord?
The man you saw,—Lob-lie-by-the-fire, Jack Cade,
Jack Smith, Jack Moon, poor Jack of every trade,
Young Jack, or old Jack, or Jack What-d'ye-call,
Jack-in-the-hedge, or Robin-run-by-the-wall,
Robin Hood, Ragged Robin, lazy Bob,
One of the lords of No Man's Land, good Lob,—
Although he was seen dying at Waterloo,
Hastings, Agincourt, and Sedgmoor too,—
Lives yet. He never will admit he is dead
Till millers cease to grind men's bones for bread,
Not till our weathercock crows once again
And I remove my house out of the lane
On to the road.' With this he disappeared
In hazel and thorn tangled in old-man's-beard.
But one glimpse of his back, as there he stood
Choosing his way, proved him of old Jack's blood,
Young Jack perhaps, and now a Wiltshireman
As he has oft been since his days began.

WORDS

OUT of us all
That make rhymes,
Will you choose
Sometimes—
As the winds use
A crack in a wall
Or a drain,
Their joy or their pain
To whistle through—
Choose me,
You English words?

I know you:
You are light as dreams,
Tough as oak,
Precious as gold,
As poppies and corn,
Or an old cloak:
Sweet as our birds
To the ear,
As the burnet rose
In the heat
Of Midsummer:
Strange as the races
Of dead and unborn:
Strange and sweet
Equally,
And familiar,
To the eye,
As the dearest faces
That a man knows,
And as lost homes are:
But though older far
Than oldest yew,—
As our hills are, old,—
Worn new
Again and again:
Young as our streams
After rain:
And as dear
As the earth which you prove
That we love.
Make me content
With some sweetness
From Wales
Whose nightingales
Have no wings,—
From Wiltshire and Kent
And Herefordshire,
And the villages there,—
From the names, and the things
No less.

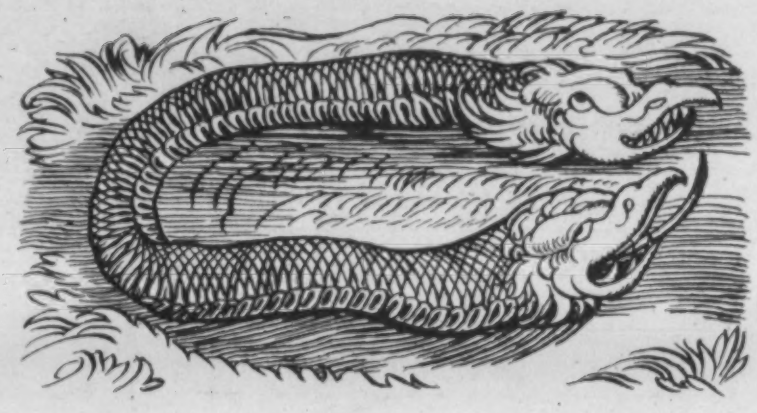
LET me sometimes dance
With you,
Or climb
Or stand perchance
In ecstasy,
Fixed and free
In a rhyme,
As poets do.

EDWARD EASTAWAY

EIGHT POEMS

BY

W B YEATS



THE DAWN

I WOULD be as ignorant as the dawn
That has looked down
On that old queen measuring a town
With the pin of a brooch,
Or on the withered men that saw
From their pedantic Babylon
The careless planets in their courses
The stars fade out where the moon comes,
And took their tablets & made sums;
Yet did but look, rocking the glittering coach
Above the cloudy shoulders of the horses;
I would be – for no knowledge is worth
Ignorant & wanton as the dawn a straw.

ON WOMAN

MAY GOD be praised for woman
That gives up all her mind,
A man may find in no man
A friendship of her kind
That covers all he has brought
As with her flesh and bone
Nor quarrels with a thought
Because it is not her own.

Though pedantry denies
It's plain the bible means
That Solomon grew wise
While talking with his queens,
Yet never could, altho'
They say he counted grass,
Count all the praises due
When Sheba was his lass,
When she the iron wrought, or
When from the smithy fire
It shuddered in the water,
Harshness of their desire
That made them stretch and yawn,
Pleasure that comes with sleep,
Shudder that made them one.
What else he give or keep
God grant me – no not here
For I am not so bold
To hope a thing so dear
Now I am growing old,
But when if the tale's true
The pestle of the moon
That pounds up all anew
Brings me to birth again –
To find what once I had
And know what once I have known,
Until I am driven mad,
Sleep driven from my bed,
By tenderness and care
Pity an aching head
Gnashing of teeth – despair,

And all because of some one
Perverse creature of chance,
And live like Solomon
That Sheba led a dance.

THE FISHERMAN

ALTHO' I can see him still
The freckled man who goes
To a gray place on a hill
In gray Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies;
It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man.
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped it would be
To write for my own race
And the reality;
The living men that I hate
The dead man that I loved,
The craven man in his seat,
The insolent unreproved
And no knave brought to book
Who has won a drunken cheer,
The witty man and his joke
Aimed at the commonest ear,
The clever man who cries
The catch cries of the clown,
The beating down of the wise
And great Art beaten down.

MAYBE a twelvemonth since
Suddenly I began,
In scorn of this audience
Imagining a man,
And his sun-freckled face,
And gray Connemara cloth,
Climbing up to a place
Where stone is dark with froth,
And the down turn of his wrist
When the flies drop in the stream;
A man who does not exist
A man who is but a dream;
And cried "before I am old
I shall have written him one
Poem maybe as cold
And passionate as the dawn".

THE HAWK

CALL down the hawk from the air;
Let him be hooded or caged
Till the yellow eye has grown mild,
For larder and spit are bare,
The old cook enraged,
The scullion gone wild.
I WILL not be clapped in a hood,
Nor a cage, nor alight upon wrist,
Now I have learnt to be proud
Hovering over the wood
In the broken mist
Or tumbling cloud.
WHAT tumbling cloud did you cleave,
Yellow-eyed hawk of the mind
Last evening, that I, who had sat
Dumbfounded before a knave,
Should give to my friend
A pretence of wit.

MEMORY

ONE had a lovely face,
And two or three had charm,
But charm and face were in vain
Because the mountain grass
Cannot but keep the form
Where the mountain hare has lain.

THE THORN TREE

SHE is foremost of those that I
would hear praised;
I have gone about the house, gone up
and down
As a man does who has published a
new book
Or a young girl dressed out in her
new gown,
And though I have turned the talk
by hook or crook
Until her praise should be the
uppermost theme
A woman spoke of some new tale
she had read;
A man so vaguely that he seemed
to dream
Of some strange woman's name
that ran in his head.
SHE is foremost of those that I
would hear praised;
I will talk no more of books or the
long war
But walk by the dry thorn until I
have found
Some beggar sheltering from the
wind and there
Manage the talk until her name
come round,
If there be rags enough he will
know her name
And be well pleased remembering it,
for in the old days,
Though she had young men's praise
and old men's blame,
Among the poor both old and
young gave her praise.

THE PHOENIX

WHAT have I earned for all
that work," I said,
For all that I have done at my own
charge?
The daily spite of this unmannerly
town,
Where who has served the most is
most defamed,
The reputation of his lifetime
lost
Between the night and morning. I
might have lived,
And you know well how great the
longing has been,
Where every day my footfall should
have lit
In the green shadow on Ferarra
wall;
Or climbed among the images of
the past,
The unperturbed and courtly
images,
Evening and morn, the steep
street of Urbino
To where the duchess and her
people talked
The stately midnight through
until they stood
In their great window looking at
the dawn;
I might have had no friend that
could not mix
Courtesy and passion into one
like those
That saw the wicks grow yellow
in the dawn;

I might have used the one
substantial right
My trade allows: chosen my
company,
And chosen what scenery had
pleased me best".

THEREON my phoenix
answered in reproof,
"The drunkards, pilferers of public
funds,
All the dishonest crowd I had
driven away,
When my luck changed and they
dared to meet my face,
Crawled from obscurity and set
upon me
Those I had served and some that
I had fed,
Yet never have I, now nor any
time,
Complained of the people".

ALL I could reply
Was: "You, that have not lived in
thought but deed,
Can have the purity of a natural
force,
But I, whose virtues are the
definitions
Of the analytic mind, can neither
close
The eye of the mind nor keep
my tongue from speech."

AND yet, because my heart
leaped at her words,
I was abashed, and now they
come to mind
After nine years, I sink my
head abashed.

THERE IS A QUEEN IN CHINA

THERE is a queen in China, or
may be it's in Spain
And birthdays and holidays such
praises can be heard
Of her unblemished lineaments, a
whiteness with no stain,
That she might be that sprightly
girl who had married with a bird
And there's a score of duchesses,
surpassing womankind,
Or who have found a painter to
make them so for pay
And smooth out stain & blemish
with the elegance of his mind:
I knew a phoenix in my youth so
let them have their day.

THE young men every night
applaud their Gaby's laughing eye,
And Ruth St. Denis had more
charm although she had poor luck,
From nineteen hundred nine or ten,
Pavlova's had the cry,
And there's a player in The States
who gathers up her cloak
And flings herself out of the room
when Juliet would be bride
With all a woman's passion, a
child's imperious way,
And there are – but no matter if
there are scores beside:
I knew a phoenix in my youth so

let them have their day.

THERE'S Margaret & Marjorie
and Dorothy and Nan,
A Daphne and a Mary who live
in privacy,
One's had her fill of lovers,
another's had but one,
Another boasts "I pick and choose
and have but two or three."
If head and limb have beauty and
the instep's high and light
They can spread out what sail they
please for all I have to say,
Be but the breakers of men's hearts
or engines of delight;
I knew a phoenix in my youth so
let them have their day.

THERE'LL be that crowd to
make men wild through all
the centuries,
And may be there'll be some young
belle walk out to make men wild
Who is my beauty's equal, though
that my heart denies,
But not the exact likeness, the
simplicity of a child,
And that proud look as though
she had gazed into the burning
sun,
And all the shapely body no tittle
gone astray,
I mourn for that most lonely thing;
and yet God's will be done,
I knew a phoenix in my youth so
let them have their day.

THE LAND OF PROMISE

FAIR Camp of God, how goodly are thy tents,
Within whose midst the milk and honey flow!
For thee the promised land gives forth her scents,
For thee the hanging gardens crowned with snow;

And softer dews than Hermon's, and more shade
Than rocks beneath the boughs of Lebanon;
For thee, O fair delight, all things were made,
And they that marred them, the false gods, are gone.

For this is never Canaans land, but Greece,
Where shines the face and not the frown of God;
And never Gideon's but Jason's fleece,
And this Apollo's bough, not Aaron's rod.

The night breathes warm, and the tent doors are wide,
And fleece and bough lie close against thy side.

FORM AND SUBSTANCE

SO ends the dream which once found form in thee!
Nay, not the dream,—for that I can recall;
My flesh is now the ghostlier part of me,
And what was vision proved still shines through all.

But that bright tabernacle of a grace,
Which once I dreamed, lies shattered, and I go
No more to seek in a familiar face
The beauty which in thee found overthrow.

Where now it lives I know not; but not death
Hath closed it round, nor any mouldering tomb:
Babe-like and blind it waits, withheld from breath,
As new life lies unconscious in the womb.

Oh, though on earth I looked for thee in vain,
Thou, in my heart, dear Love, hast not been slain!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

THE LEADEN STATUE

Speak not — whisper not;
Here bloweth thyme and bergamot
Softly on the evening hour—
Secret herbs their spices shower,
Dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh
Lean-stalked, purple lavender;
Hides within her bosom, too,
All her sorrows bitter rue.

Breathe not — trespass not;
Of this green and darkling spot
Latticed from the moon beams
Perchance a distant dreamer dreams;
Perchance upon its darkened air—
The unseen ghosts of children fare
Faintly singing, sway and sweep,
Like lovely sea-flowers in its deep;
While unmoved, to watch and ward
'Mid its gloom'd and daisied sward,
Stands with bowed, and dewy head
That one little leaden lad.

Walter de la Mare.

TO —

Day flames & wastes, a shrinking twilight falls
In flakes of storm-tossed gloom;
The sea breaks dully on the low sea-walls,
And through the sullen darkness leaps & calls
Outside my fire-lit room.

Outside! I listen by the fire & hear—
What the loud darkness says;
Ah! but this voice which brings the night so near
What art thou wailing, comfortless & clear—
Across the loud sea-ways?

Voice of the night, hast thou then met my friend,
Lost voice blown from the sea?
His passion with thy passion does it blend?
Lo! he has called upon the night to send
Word through her winds to me.

Friend, I await your tidings: here I sit
Before my ship-wood flame;
This daily flame my quiet hands have lit
Burns bright whilst I keep watch & ward o'er it,
Still waiting — still the same.

Whilst over loud & raging seas, the dream
Urges you on apace.—
You catch on alien shores, the fiercer gleam
Of other fires than these — wild fires which stream
Full in the midnight's face.

What is your message from the sea — what news
Oh! friend, is this you bear?
The world is waiting, I am waiting:— choose
Some sudden thunder when the storms are loose,
To break the silence here.

What has the sea then taught you? You have spurned
The sheltered room, the old
Safe ways — but say what lesson have you learned?
I wait — oh! you whose eyes have nightwards turned
Till the new tale is told.

Here are warm days, the comfortable hearth
No toil and sleep at night.
Will you not tell us what these things are worth?
Oh! friend of mine, do you possess the earth?—
I wait in the fire-light.

Margaret Sackville.

RECIPE FOR AN IMAGIST POEM

"The sky is jaundiced,
The brown birds make indentations in the
Nature broods white snow,
Spasmodically.

"My heart gapes like the yellow sky.
It beats
Against the white futility of my bosom,
Like the feet of a staccato brown bird
Broodingly."

Harold Massingham

THE SHEAF-BINDERS

BY

CHARLES SHANNON

LIFE

A POEM
✣ FOR ✣
"THE LITTLE SCHOOL".

MY life feels like a mouse
In some strange giant's house;
Or like a single fly
In a Saharan sky:
Small part in life have I,
Yet of one sort with it whole
Is my small soul.

BIRD-LIFE makes glad the trees,
And tree-life throngs our hill,
But life would fill
An airier hive with souls for bees—
More room than, far from shore,
A night-sky coops above wide seas:
Though that were packed, outside were more.

MY eyes drink up the swallow's flight:
Swift, smooth and light,
Their joy is free.
The sound that heaves
Like music up from a mile of leaves,
Is glory to me.

THEN, there are waters gurgling along,
And ladies together singing a song,
Sounds that, entering my head,
Move more than can be said.
Oh! and by how much life thought of should
Thrill more than flight, song, stream or wood.

T. Sturge Moore.

FRAGMENT FROM A MEMORIAL ODE.

SO YOU ARE DEAD LIKE ALL THE OTHER DEAD...
You are not here, but I am here alone;
And evening falls, fusing tree, water and stone
Into a violet cloth, and the frail ash-tree hisses
With a soft sharpness like a fall of mounded grain.
And a steamer softly puffing along the river passes,
Drawing a file of barges; and silence falls again.
And a bell tones; and the evening darkens; and in sparse rank
The greenish lights well out along the other bank.
I have no force left now; the sights and sounds impinge
Upon me unresisted, like raindrops on the mould.
And, striving not against my melancholy mood,
Limp as a door that hangs upon one failing hinge,
Limp, with slack, marrowless arms and thighs, I sit and brood
On death and death and death. And quiet, thin and cold,
Following of this one friend the hopeless, helpless ghost,
The weak, appealing wraiths of notable men of old
Who died, drift through the air; and then, host after host
Innumerable, overwhelming, without form,
Rolling across the sky in awful silent storm,
The myriads of the undifferentiated dead
Whom none recorded, or of whom the record faded.
O SPECTACLE APPALLINGLY SUBLIME!
I see the universe one long disastrous strife,
And in the staggering abysses of backward and forward time
Death chasing hard upon the heels of creating life.
And I, I see myself as one of a heap of stones
Wetted a moment to life as the flying wave goes over,
Onward and never returning, leaving no mark behind...
There's nothing to hope for. Blank cessation numbs my mind,
And I feel my heart thumping gloomy against its cover,
And my heavy belly hanging from my bones.

J. C. SQUIRE.

E.P.

THE VISITOR

She brings that breath, and music too,
That comes when April's days begin;
And sweetness Autumn never had
In any bursting skin.

She's big with laughter at the breasts,
Like netted fish they leap:
Oh God that I were far from here,
Or lying fast asleep!

W. H. Davies

SACRAMENT

BEFORE the Altar of the world in flower,
Upon whose steps thy creatures kneel in line,
We do beseech thee in this wild Spring hour,
Grant us, O! Lord, thy wine. But not this wine.

HELPLESS, we, praying by the shimmering seas,
Beside thy fields whence all the earth is fed,
Thy little children clinging about thy knees,
Cry: "Grant us Lord thy bread." But not this bread.

THIS wine of awful sacrifice out poured;
This bread of life—of human lives. The Press
Is overflowing—the Wine-Press of the Lord!
Yet doth he tread the foaming grapes no less.

THESE stricken lands! the green time of the year
Has found them wasted by a ruddy flood,
Sodden and wasted everywhere—everywhere;
Not all our tears may cleanse them from that blood.

THE earth is all too narrow for these dead
Lord! Lord! and each a child of ours—and Thine.
This flesh (our flesh) crumbled away like bread,
This blood (our blood) poured forth like wine—like wine.

Margaret Sackville

TWO POEMS BY FRANCIS BURROWS

PRAYER

WHOSE ear, whose help, shall one beseech,
Who never before hath prayed,
Now that his lonely griefs outreach
The pale of human aid?

THE sun? the moon? the clouds or breeze?
The sky that gave them birth?
The ocean thundering at the knees
Of the ever patient earth?

THE wind will pluck his cloak aside,
The rain spit in his face;
The thundering ocean will abide,
The earth retain her place.

GOD, whatsoever thing thou art,
Now darkness blots his day,
And pride is fallen from his heart,
Grant him the power to pray.

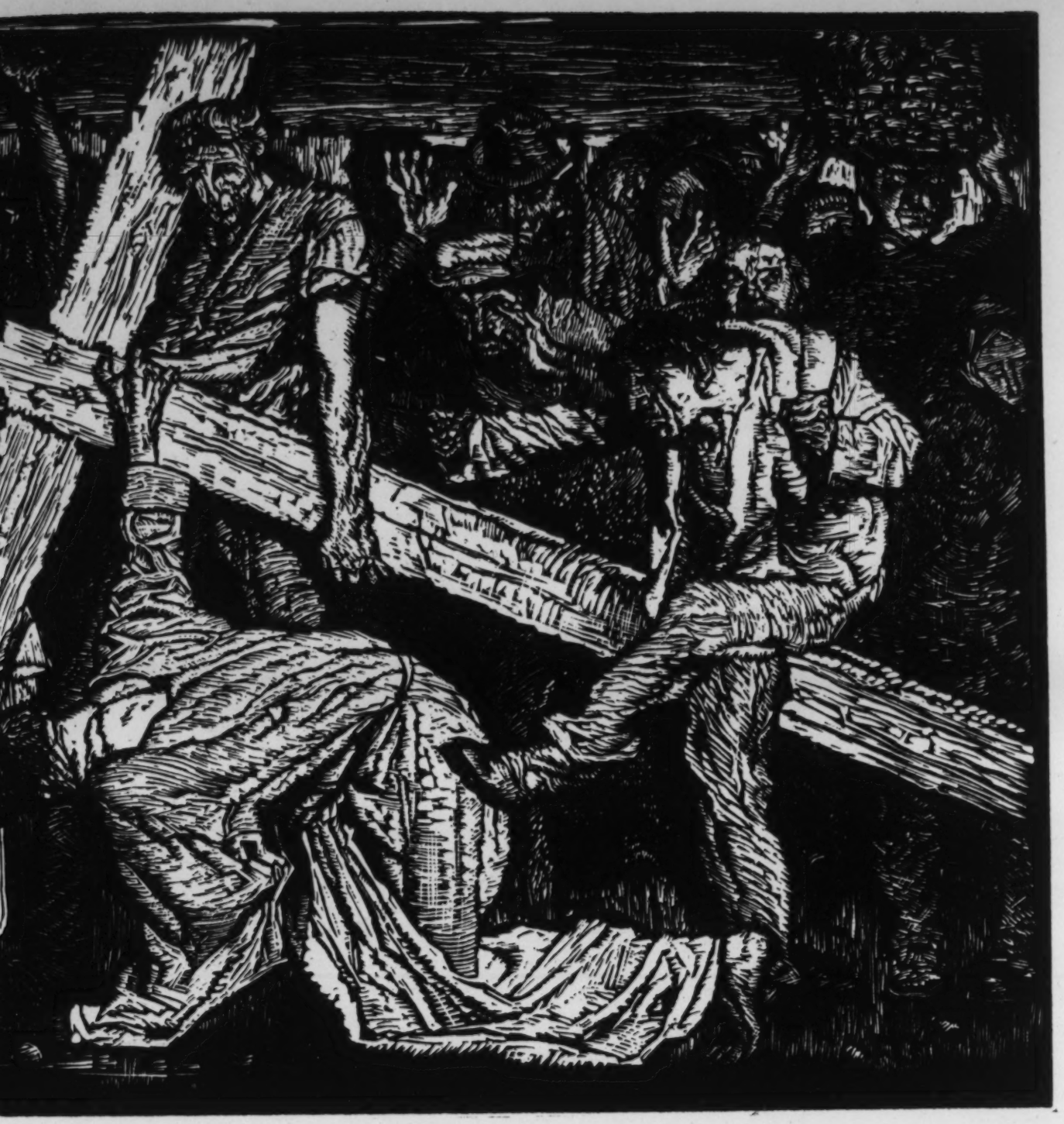
DEJECTION

IF thy soul hangs, a blinded world,
Adust and single, far asunder
From its maintaining sun; enfurled
By silence, unperturbed by thunder,
Having no roaring fires under;—

IF thou no tinder hast, to raise
Thy dormant sparks, so that thou leapest
At whiles into a little blaze;
But overwhelmed and plunged thou sleepest
In that soul-stupor which is deepest;—

RUSH to my breast, my friend, my bride,
My sharer of one constellation;
When two such fireless stars collide
Their impact and their conflagration
From darkness bring illumination.

Woodcut



by Frank Brangwyn

CHARMS.

SHE WALKS AS LIGHTLY AS THE FLY
SKATES ON THE WATER IN JULY.

TO HEAR HER MOVING PETTICOAT,
FOR ME IS MUSIC'S HIGHEST NOTE.

STONES ARE NOT HEARD, WHEN HER FEET PASS,
NO MORE THAN TUMPS OF MOSS OR GRASS.

WHEN SHE SITS STILL, SHE'S LIKE THE FLOWER
TO BE A BUTTERFLY NEXT HOUR.

THE BROOK LAUGHS NOT MORE SWEET, WHEN HE
TRIPS OVER PEBBLES SUDDENLY.

MY LOVE, LIKE HIM, CAN WHISPER LOW —
WHN HE COMES WHERE GREEN CRESSES GROW.

SHE RISES LIKE THE LARK, THAT HOUR
HE GOES HALF WAY TO MEET A SHOWER.

A FRESHER DRINK IS IN HER LOOKS
THAN NATURE GIVES ME, OR OLD BOOKS.

WHEN I IN MY LOVE'S SHADOW SIT,
I DO NOT MISS THE SUN ONE BIT.

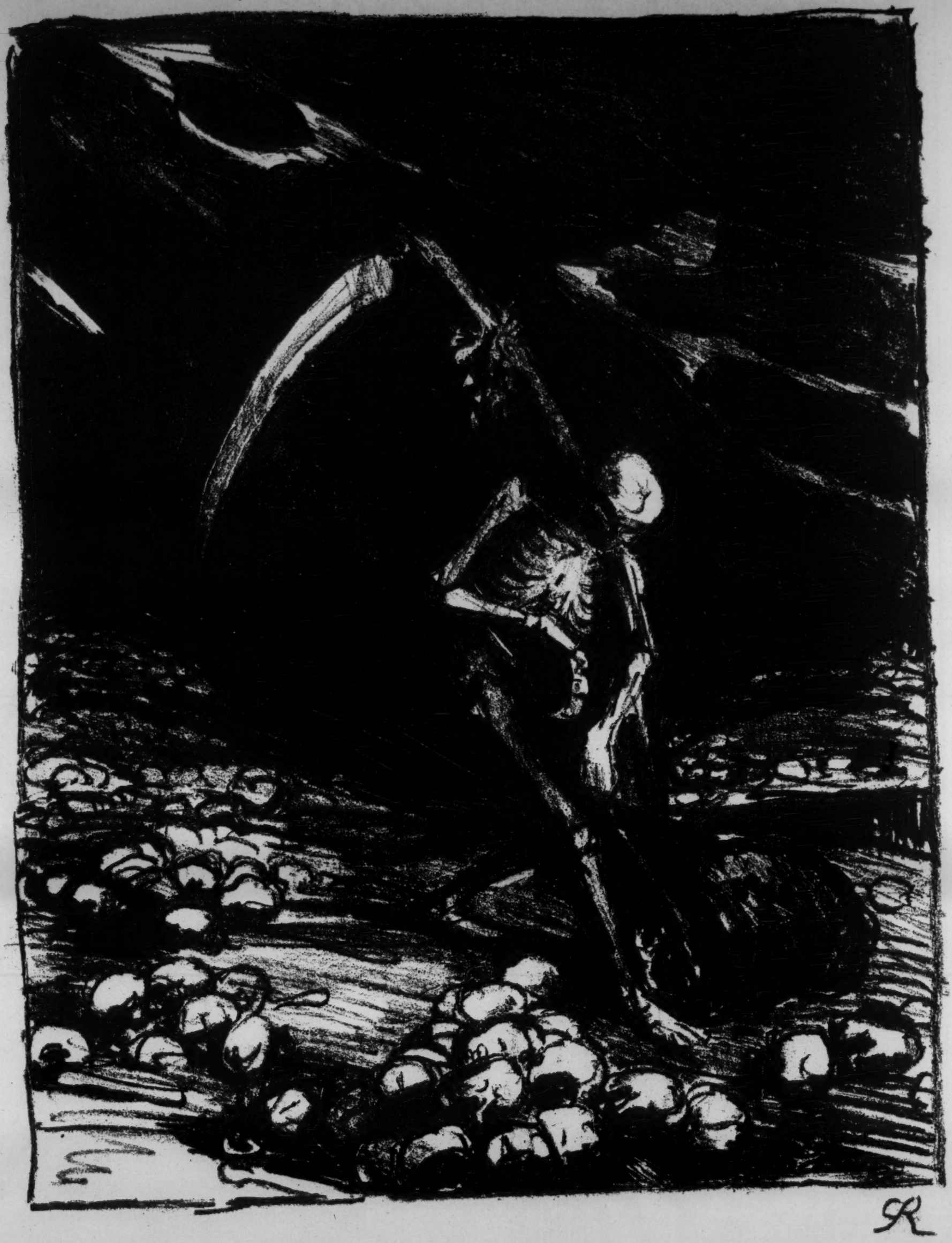
WHEN SHE IS NEAR MY ARMS CAN HOLD
ALL THAT'S WORTH HAVING IN THIS WORLD.

AND WHEN I KNOW NOT WHERE SHE IS,
NOTHING CAN COME BUT COMES AMISS.

W.H.DAVIES

FINIS

BY CHARLES RICKETTS



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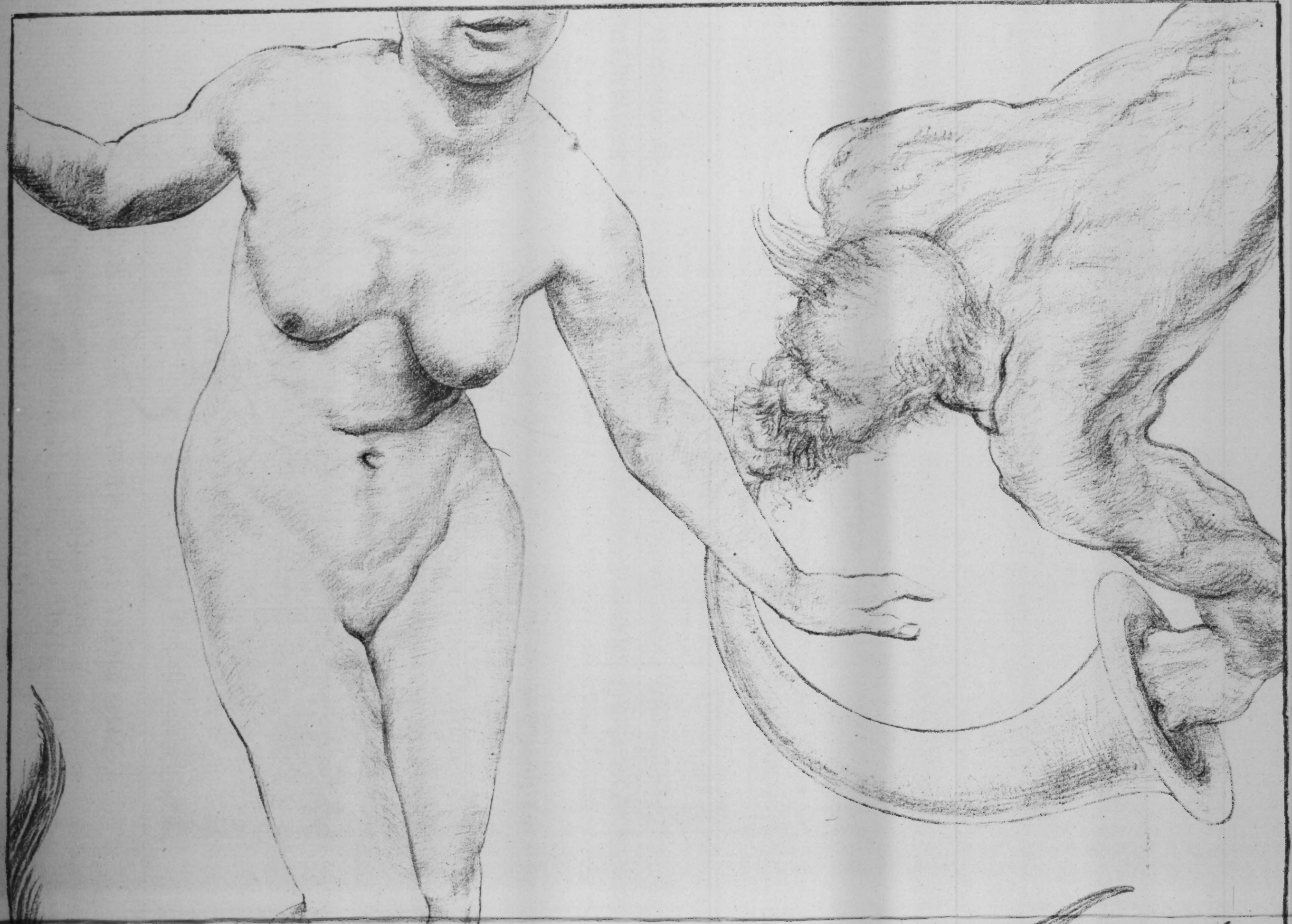
NEMESIS

BY AUSTIN O. SPARE.



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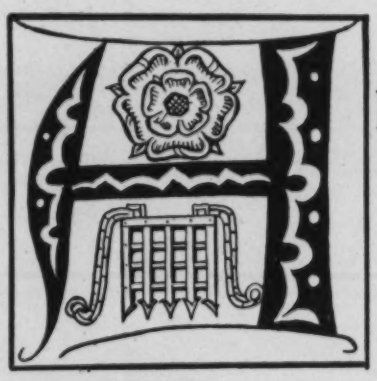

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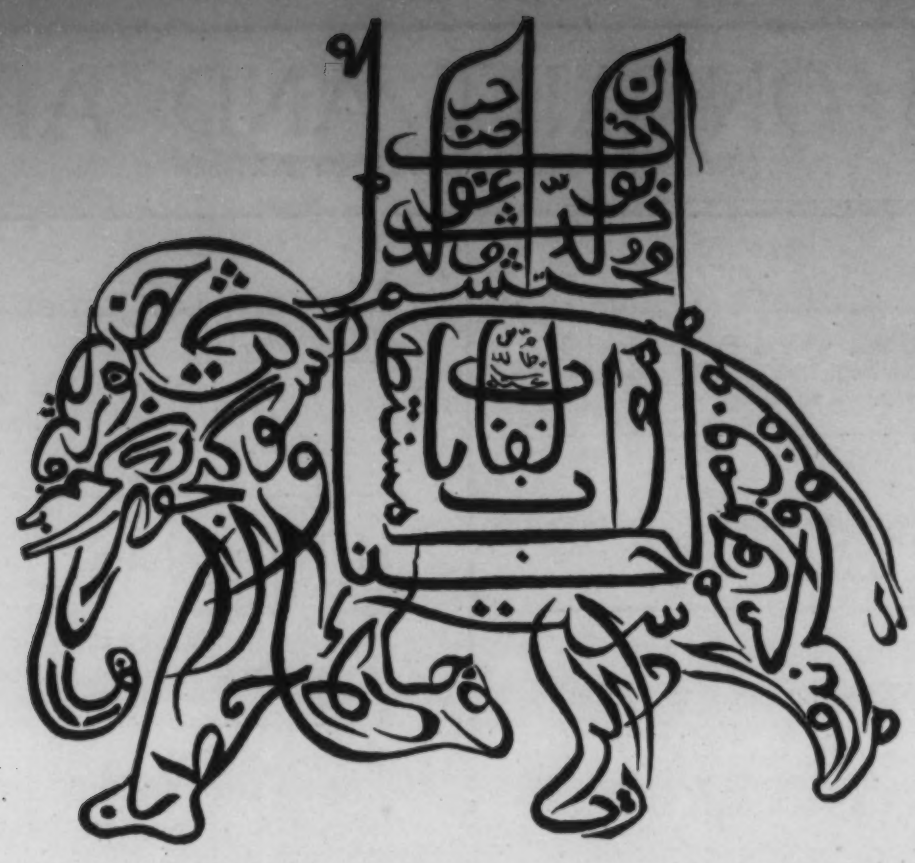

THE STUDY OF INDIAN ART

N January 1884, by desire of the Government of India there was founded The Journal of Indian Art and Industry, which has continued ever since to record and illustrate the rich variety of Indian art. Circulating (as it has done till now) chiefly in the East, it has not become sufficiently known to the art lovers of Great Britain. To remedy this is the object of the present advertisement.

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The Journal of Indian Art is published quarterly and the annual post-free subscription is the trifling sum of Ten Shillings. A great feature of the Journal is the numerous fine plates, coloured and plain, reproduced by the collotype process, and in some cases by lithography. The size of the publication is Imperial quarto (15 in. by 11 in.)

The year 1916 opens with a number (No. 133) in which Mr. O. C. Gangoly, the successor of Mr. E. B. Havell at the Government School of Art, Calcutta, explains in an illuminating article the ideals of the New School of Indian Painting. This number has 14 full page plates, containing 17 examples of the new school, two of these plates being exquisitely reproduced in colours, copied direct from the originals.

The edition, being very limited, is likely to be out of print at an early date.

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The Editors of FORM hope in a future number to present a coloured plate reprinted from The Journal of Indian Art, by special arrangement with the publishers.

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